

Legend of Spyro and the Riders: The Eternal Night

by BentleyGirl

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Summary: Sequel to Legend of Spyro and the Riders: New Beginnings. When Spyro, Troy and Astral start having visions of the Dark Master and Dark Lord's return, they set off on an adventure to find the Chronicler and stop the Ape King as the Night of Eternal Darkness draws near... Contains OC's. UPDATED. Rated T just in case.

1. Prologue

Welcome, dear readers, to my second **_Legend of Spyro **_**adaptation. A new adventure awaits Spyro and his friends, Troy and Astral. If you don't know what this is all about, please read my first story or look at my recap.**

Disclaimer: This story has nothing to do with **_**Eragon, How To Train Your Dragon, Dragon Booster**_** or any other stories involving humans riding dragons. Also, I only own my OC's and nothing else.**

So now let the sequel begin!

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><p>Prologue: The Legend So Far<p>

Thousands of years ago, humans and dragons lived together in perfect harmony. Many human soldiers formed a unique alliance with some of the dragons, becoming Dragon Riders. But then darkness fell over the land as the Dark Master sent his armies out into the Realms. The Riders rose up to fight against the Apes, gaining an advantage in the air. But just as the Riders were turning the tides of warâ€‘ the Dark Lord came to power. He gave the Dark Master a secret plan to gain the upper hand â€“ giving the Apes steeds of their own; not dragons but Dreadwings.

_With these deadly beasts, the Dark Master turned the battle to his

own favour. The human population was decimated and the Riders' steeds were slaughtered. Then, the greatest of the Riders, Trafalgar, faced the Dark Lord in single combat. The battle was long and hard, but at last, the Dark Lord was defeated. Trafalgar captured the Lord's spirit and locked him in a prison deep inside a portal in Convexity, decreeing that only the blood of a Rider's dragon can open it.

Soon, the Dark Master was also vanquished and he was also trapped in the portal. But the damage had already been done: humanity had been greatly reduced to a few handfuls._

In an attempt to save what remained of his kind, Trafalgar led his people across the sea to the distant Broken Isles, promising the dragons they would return once the population was restored. But sadly, shortly after the humans landed on the Isles, Trafalgar and the other Riders passed away. In time, the humans forgot their promise to the dragons and their history soon passed into legend. But the dragons never forgot the humansâ€| and they prophesied the return of the humans through the brave journey of a young Rider who would join forces with the purple dragon and change the worldâ€|

Many years later, the Dark Armies invaded the Dragon Temple in an attempt to prevent the prophecies from coming true. But the Fire Guardian, Ignitus, was able to save the purple dragon's egg and sent it down the Silver River. He also sent the young dragon's sister, Astral into hiding until the day she found her partner. For twelve years, the Guardians led the dragons into battle against the Dark Armies. But just as they were gaining a foothold in the war, the Apes unleashed their secret weapon; the black dragon, Cynder.

With merciless intent, Cynder defeated the dragon armies and captured the Guardians for her next plan: to harness their powers to unlock the portal and release the Dark Master. Only the Fire Guardian, Ignitus, managed to escape. He went into hiding in the swamps behind the Temple, where a few months later, he had two meetings with someone he never hoped to see again: the purple dragon, Spyro, and his apprentice, Astral, with her Rider, Troy.

Troy had left his home on the Broken Isles, desperate to find his family who had been captured by Cynder and the Apes. When he arrived at the mainland, he met Astral and discovered their uniquely intertwined destinies. Together with Spyro, they journeyed across the Realms, rescuing the Guardians and freeing the humans and young dragons.

Soon, however, Cynder caught up with them and managed to capture Astral and Ignitus. Troy and Spyro chased her back to her lair and faced her in combat, but she escaped with Ignitus' powers and Astral's blood. Ignitus then revealed the truth about Cynder; that she had been taken from the Temple as an egg and corrupted by the Dark Master's evil powers.

Filled with new determination, Spyro, Astral and Troy set off after Cynder into the realm of Convexity, but they were too late to stop her opening the portal. They managed to free her from the darkness and escaped Convexity, but they were all aware that the danger was not over yetâ€| that the Dark Master and the Dark Lord were still out thereâ€|

><p>That should explain the situation to new readers.

Next chapter: the story really begins.

So until then!

2. Late Night Departure

So now the story really starts.

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So without further ado!

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><p>Chapter 1: Late Night Departure<p>

High in the night sky, the two moons were drawing closer in a great eclipse, casting a shadow over the plains, the forest and the mountains, but especially onto a great peak shaped like a dragon's head, its stony, wide-open jaws raised towards the heavens. Just then, a great beam of purple energy burst from the skies and shot into the mountain's jaws.

_ "My Masters return!" _

_ "We're too late!" _

Meanwhile, in the dark realm of Convexity, next to a mighty portal, a great battle was being fought, between Cynder, the Terror of the Skies, and the brave little group consisting of Spyro the purple dragon, Sparx the dragonfly, Astral the golden dragon and her human Rider, Troy. Cynder looked like she was gaining the upper hand, but Spyro and Astral each had a trump card to play.

Spyro began to build up energy around him, and Troy grabbed Astral in a hug, causing her scales to glow brighter. Suddenly she fired a great beam of light from her mouth, trapping Cynder in midair, and then Spyro launched his Convexity Fury which finished the dark dragoness off.

As Cynder crashed to the ground, her body began to glow and shrink until she became a smaller dragon the same size and age as Spyro.

_ "She is just like me!" Spyro gasped._

_Troy ran to her side and knelt down. "She's still alive!" _

Just then, the ground began to tremble and shake and a powerful wind began to blow, sucking Troy and Cynder towards the portal!

_ "Troy!" Astral gasped._

Quickly, Troy grabbed onto Cynder's tail and then took hold of the steps leading into the portal.

_ "We've got to get out of here, NOW!" Sparx cried._

_ "We can't leave Cynder behind," Spyro yelled as he and Astral dug in their claws. "We've got to save her!"_

_ "WHAT?" Sparx spluttered. "Save the beast that's been trying to kill us?"_

_ "Sparx, that wasn't her fault," Astral argued. "She was being used by the Dark Master!"_

_ At that moment, Troy lost his grip on the step and he and Cynder were sucked right into the portal. Nodding at each other, Spyro and Astral let go of the rock and flew in after them. Spyro grabbed hold of Cynder while his sister caught her Rider then they flew back out of the portal._

_ "Now we can go," Spyro called to Sparx._

_ As they flew out of Convexity, a dark whisper called out to them. "S-S-S-Spyroâ€| S-S-S-Spyroâ€| " The purple dragon turned his head back towards the portalâ€|_

* * *

><p>"S-S-S-Spyro!"</p>

The loud whisper was enough to rouse Troy, and a gasp told him that Spyro was awake too. As Astral slowly stirred, the human looked up at the sky over the balcony. It was night and the Celestial Moons were shining brightly overhead but they seemed closer to each other than last night.

"Hey guys," the voice called out. It was Sparx the dragonfly, his little body glowing as bright as the stars in the sky. "Some night, huh? Beautifulâ€| "

"What is it you want, Sparx?" Troy sighed as he and the dragons got up.

"Why do I have to want something?" asked the dragonfly indignantly. "I'm just ready to begin the best day ever, now that the evil, psycho she-dragon has gone."

"What, Cynder?" Spyro gasped. "What do you mean, Sparx?"

"Whoa, calm down big fella," Sparx said. "Gosh you're awful tense. Haven't been sleeping much? You should listen to Volteer tell one of his stories; that'll put anybody to sleep."

"Sparx, what happened?" Astral demanded.

"Okay, you ready?" Sparx replied. "I get up to get some fresh air, because I haven't been sleeping well withâ€| the female-of-fright creeping around. Lo and behold, there she was, sneaking out into the garden." He gave a shudder. "She gives me the creeps, dude. Hear my teeth?"

"Come on, we've got to find her," Troy cried, grabbing his sword and shield. "It's dangerous for her to be outside the Temple at night."

"It's dangerous for any of us to be outside at night," Sparx argued. "Besides, Ignitus said we have to wait until Spyro and Astral's powers returnâ€œ because they're weak," he whispered and stifled a snigger.

"No time to argue," Spyro retorted. "Come on."

As he led the charge up to the Temple, Sparx gave a slight cough. "Um, you guys will be helpless without me," he murmured, buzzing after them. "I'd better come with youâ€œ!"

As Troy followed Spyro and Astral through the Dojo, he felt a very sad pain in his heart for Cynder. Only a few weeks had passed since they had freed her from the Dark Master's corrupted will, but they couldn't stop the portal from being opened. Troy knew that the mysterious Dark Master and the even more mysterious Dark Lord had escaped, but he didn't know what had happened to them since.

Despite that, he and his friends were keeping themselves busy. Troy was elected as the leader of the small human forces and commander of the Dragon Riders. He'd been training the new Rider forces, helping them master the necessary combat skills, and he led them in a search for other dragons. Some that were about Astral's age stayed at the Temple to train with the humans, while the others had left for Warfang, the Dragon City, to prepare for war. He'd also had some time to help Spyro and Astral get their strength back, since they'd been weakened by their battle at Convexity.

As for Cynder, she'd had a difficult time adapting to a normal dragon's life since she was still guilty about all she'd done while she was under the Dark Master's control. Only Troy, his brother Orion, Spyro, Astral, Cosmo, a young Psychic dragon and the Guardians were kind to her; the other humans and dragons, and Sparx, hadn't forgiven her for what she did to them. Troy kept telling Cynder to give them time to accept her, but now it seemed their insults had finally gotten to her.

As they left the Dojo, Astral turned to look at the huge statue that filled the room. "That statue always crept me out at night, even when I was young," she admitted. "Those glowing eyes made it look like it was watching me."

"I can understand that," Spyro replied.

Troy's eyes narrowed as he looked at the statue too. He was suddenly reminded of the chained-up dragon he had seen when he'd been sucked into the portal of Convexity. When he'd tried to approach it, he had suddenly knocked back by a dark shadow and had heard a voice saying that the time was not right. So far, he hadn't told anyone about what he'd seen, partly because he didn't want his friends to be concerned but mostly because he felt there was a lot more to that dragon than met the eye.

"Hey, Troy," Astral called out. "What's keeping you?"

Troy glanced at the statue one last time then turned around. "Nothing," he fibbed. "Let's go."

Passing quickly through the Grotto, they entered the passage that led to the gardenâ€| and suddenly froze. The Guardians were lying down on the floor of the corridor, fast asleep. Troy remembered the humans camping out at the back of the Temple. He knew that the younger dragons were outside with them, some keeping watch, some resting with their Riders like Astral did with him.

"Quiet, we mustn't wake them," Astral hissed to her friends.

"WHAT?" Sparx yelled. "I can't hear you over all this snoring!"

Troy thrust his hand over Sparx's mouth. "She said quiet," the human whispered firmly.

Carefully, Troy, Spyro and Astral snuck past the sleeping dragons. Troy was intrigued at the Guardians' sleeping habits; Terrador, the steadfast Earth Guardian, snoring deeply; Cyril, the snobbish Ice Guardian, always muttering about his lineage - "Yes, of courseâ€|"; Volteer, the fast-talking Electric Guardian, mumbling various complicated theories - "In the truth of the matterâ€|"; and Ignitus, the kindly Fire Guardian, sleeping quietly. Soon they reached the door to the garden and crept out, looking back to make sure none of the Guardians had been disturbed.

In the garden, they managed to catch up to Cynder just as she reached the exit that led into the mushroom forest.

"Cynder," Troy called out. "What are you doing out here? It's dangerous."

The black dragoness sighed and turned round. "You guys shouldn't have followed me," she murmured.

"Well, that's good enough for me," Sparx replied. "Let's go, see yaâ€|"

"Please, don't make this harder for me than it already is," Cynder pleaded.

"We're just trying to understand," Spyro said.

Cynder sighed again and bowed her head. "I'm leaving, guys. I don't belong here. After all I've done, all I put you throughâ€| I can't stay."

"Listen, Cynder," Astral soothed. "They may not admit it, but no one blames you for what happenedâ€|"

"Hmph, I do, speak for yourself," the dragonfly snorted.

"Sparxâ€|" Troy warned, pointing a finger at him.

"No, Sparx is right," Cynder agreed sadly. "And every day that goes by, I'm reminded of it." She looked up and gave a weak smile. "Spyro, Troy, Astral, your place is hereâ€| your destinies are here, but mine is out there somewhere for me to findâ€|"

Spyro's voice almost cracked as he spoke. "Cynderâ€| I don't want you to goâ€|"

"Goodbye, everyone," Cynder sighed and with that, she set off into the wilds beyond the garden.

"Be careful out there," Astral prayed.

Spyro just sighed and shook his head.

"Now, can we finally get some sleep around here?" Sparx cried. "I've only been sort of half asleep with one eye open for weeks now, alternating eyes of course. It lessens the strain but I tell ya, it's taken its tollâ€| Say, was this twitch always here?"

"Oh, Sparx, you're a real help, you know?" Troy scowled.

"What?" Sparx said confused. "I'm just saying that- Spyro? You okay buddy?"

Troy turned and saw that Spyro was swaying back and forth, and then he collapsed to the ground. Seconds later, Astral also fainted with a thud.

"Guys!" Troy gasped, kneeling down by their sides. "Something's very wrongâ€|"

"Hey, guys," Sparx cried out. "I wanna sleep too, but I didn't mean now. Let's at least get insideâ€| It's dark out, man, and I don't like it."

Troy turned to shout at Sparx, but suddenly he was hit with a dizzy spell. "What-What's happening to me?" he grunted, shaking his head. The next thing he knew, he had fallen face down on the ground.

"Oh, not you too," he heard Sparx complain just as he blacked out. "Hello, anybody home? Yoooohoooo!"

* * *

><p>There we have it. Didn't expect all three to faint, did ya?

Next chapter, Spyro and Astral relearn their Fire element, and Troy learns a new skill too.

So until thenâ€|

3. Learning While You Sleep

We're now on Chapter 2 and the first dream training. Sorry about the delay but I got caught up with my birthday and this new game I got and I hadn't really found the time to continue.

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So here we go!

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><p>Chapter 2: Learning While You Sleep</p>

Astral slowly woke up and found herself in a strange new world. She was lying on a large rocky platform suspended in the night sky, the Celestial Moons shining brightly behind them. Smaller fragments of rocks floated past like clouds. As she stood up, she saw Spyro stirring next to her.

"Spyro, are you okay?" she asked.

"I think so," Spyro murmured as he looked around. "Where are we?"

"I don't know," Astral admitted as they walked to the edge of the platform. "Hello?" she called out. "Is anyone there?"

"Do not be frightened, young dragons," a kind and elderly voice called out of the darkness. "You are not alone."

"Who are you?" Spyro yelled. "What is this place?"

"I have summoned you both here so that you might be warned," the voice replied. "The Celestial Moons are counting down and time is running out."

The two dragons backed slowly away from the edge as strange voices and noises began to call out, growing louder and louder. Soon the noises became unbearable for Spyro and Astral, forcing them to close their eyes. "MAKE IT STOP!"

Suddenly, the floating fragments froze to a slower pace. The dragons saw a larger fragment floating past, so they jumped on and over to another platform nearby. As they landed, the fragments began moving at a normal pace again.

"Whoa, that was weird," Astral breathed.

"Yeah," Spyro agreed. "How did that happen?"

"The Purple Dragon and the Golden Dragon can wield many abilities that others cannot," the voice answered, "including time itself. Learn to master this ability, and you and your friends will be able to see things almost before they happen. But use this gift sparingly, only when circumstances demand it. Manipulation of time is not to be done without the utmost care."

Spyro and Astral nodded in understanding, and took turns using Dragon Time to help them cross the fragments and platforms. Soon, they glided down to a large platform blocked by a fiery barrier, at the center of which sat a small pool very much like the Pool of Visions. As they approached the pool, the voice spoke again. "You two seemed to have abandoned your calling. It is your destiny to harness the powers of the elements, yet you both possess not."

"We haven't been able to use our abilities for some time now," Spyro admitted.

"Yes," the voice chuckled. "Right now, your powers lie dormant within you. Let's see if we might not awaken them!"

Spyro and Astral stepped onto the pool and as they did, a fiery light glowed over their bodies. They closed their eyes and focused on the voice as it spoke. "Clear your minds, young dragons, and feel the fire that flows through your veins. Allow its energy to consume you, and breathe with it. Now rise up! and release the firestorm within you!"

As he finished, Astral felt a powerful heat passing through her body. She focused the heat into a great concentrated force and unleashed it outwards, breaking through the fire barrier. She opened her eyes and turned to see Spyro releasing his Fury. Their bodies were blazing fiercely, but they didn't feel burnt.

"Excellent, Spyro and Astral," the voice crowed. "You two are naturals. But now that a primal fire rages through you, show me you have command of it."

The two dragons set off onto a new podium on which stood four statues. As they drew closer, the statues came to life and charged at them. Swapping looks, Spyro and Astral drew in their breaths and launched a stream of fire at the statues, taking them out. On the next podium, three more statues drew out their sword and growled. This time, the dragons focused the fire around their bodies and charged at them, knocking them flying.

Further along, they came across three large torches in front of a locked door, and Spyro lit them with his fire, opening the way to another platform. There, they were surrounded by statues which they fought for a while until they felt their Fire Furies were charged up and then they unleashed their power to finish the statues off.

Soon, they reached a building much like the Temple and entered to find another pool into which they peered down, hearing the voice again. "You two have done well, and now it is time for you to return. But be careful, Spyro and Astral; the enemy approaches."

"Wait, don't go," Astral called.

"Yeah," Spyro agreed. "You still haven't told us who you are."

"You shall know me as the Chronicler," the voice said. "Seek me out!"

The last thing Astral and Spyro saw before they blacked out again was a large tree in the middle of a swampy grove!

* * *

><p>At the same time</p>

With a groan, Troy sat up and rubbed his head. Looking round, he found himself in a chamber twice as big as the Dojo. Large statues of armoured humans and dragons in battle stances surrounded the room and murals depicting great battle scenes decorated the walls behind them.

"Welcome, young Rider," came a deep rich voice behind him.

Troy whirled round and spotted a figure wearing a dark robe standing before him, his face hidden under a hood.

"Hello," Troy said nervously. "Can you tell me where I am?"

"You are in the Hall of Rider Heroes," the figure said. "I have summoned you here so that you might be warned. The Night of Eternal Darkness is drawing near, and the Dark Master and the Dark Lord will soon return to your world."

"What?" Troy cried as he got to his feet. "That's terrible! How can I help in the fight?"

"I'm glad you asked," the figure said happily. "You see, young Troy, you are in fact the direct descendant of the greatest Dragon Rider who ever lived, Trafalgar." He waved his hand at a large statue of a noble, bearded human wielding a magnificent sword, the same sword that Troy wore on his belt. "He faced the Dark Lord and imprisoned his soul in Convexity. He also helped the Dragon Elders to capture the Dark Master. Now his courageous spirit lives on in you."

"Wow," Troy breathed.

"Indeed, so now it's time you learned some of your ancestor's great skills," the figure continued. "Sometimes in battle, your dragon steed will not always be available to help you. So these skills will prove valuable."

Troy stepped forward and reached for his sword, but the figure held up a hand and the sword disappeared. As Troy was about to protest, the figure spoke again. "You won't need to use a sword for this particular skill. Just focus your powers and listen to my voice."

With a cautious nod, Troy closed his eyes and focused, hearing the figure's voice. "In battle, the dragons use the power of the Gems to restore their health, but Dragon Riders need to use a special magic to heal their wounds. Once you harness the skill of Curing, any minor injuries will no longer be a problem for you."

"How do I learn the skill of Curing?" Troy asked.

"First focus your power into your hands as they will be needed to allow the healing to occur then say the words; Curaga."

Troy focused and murmured, "Curaga." As he did, he felt a strange tingling sensation in his fingers. He opened his eyes and looked down to see his hands were glowing.

"Impressive," the hooded figure chuckled. "Rarely have I seen anyone unlock Curing on their first try. But now it's time to put that skill to use!" So saying, he pulled a small blade out, took Troy's arm and gave it a small cut along the back of his hand.

"Ow!" Troy gasped.

"Don't worry, it's necessary to mastering the skill," the figure reassured. "Now place your hand on the wound and say the words

againâ€|"

So Troy focused again and spoke the words again. After a few attempts, he felt the pain lessen and when he removed his hand, he saw the wound had completely healed, leaving no trace of a scar.

"You have done very well, young warrior," the figure said approvingly. "But now, it's time for you to return. Your dragon friends have been set a quest to find the Chronicler, so you must go with them. However, the enemy draws near, so be careful."

"Wait," Troy cried. "Before I go, will you tell who you are?"

"My identity shall remain secret until the time is right," the figure replied mysteriously. "For now, just call me the Sentinelâ€|"

As Troy felt his eyes grow heavy, he saw a vision of a great tree in a swampy groveâ€|

* * *

><p>"Hello? Hello, hello, hello? Anyone home? Hello? Hello?"<p>

Troy's eyes snapped open as he heard Sparx complaining and the human quickly got to his feet. He looked over and saw Spyro and Astral slowly getting up. "Are you alright?" he asked.

"Yeah, I guess so," Astral murmured as she looked over her shoulder.

"Something's happening, guysâ€|" Spyro glanced around nervously. "I can't explain itâ€|"

"No kidding," Sparx smirked. "While you three were catatonic, this whole place has been hooting and howling. Listen."

Troy cocked his head to listen. Among the typical night noises, there were loud booming sounds and some deep guttural roars. "What is that?" he whispered, turning slowly round.

Suddenly, a massive metal ball fell out of the sky and smashed into the ground with a mighty explosion that sent the group flying backwards. Troy, Spyro and Astral went sprawling into the thick grass, while Sparx smacked face first into a dragon statue.

"What's happening?" Spyro cried out as he scrambled out of the grass.

Troy gasped and pointed up to the sky. "Dreadwings!"

The dragons lifted their heads up too. Sure enough the night sky was filled with hundreds of huge bat-like creatures flying towards the Temple. As they watched, another bomb fell into the garden, blocking the passage that led back inside.

"The Temple is under attack!" Astral shouted.

"The others are still sleeping; we have to get back," Spyro

cried.

"Are you crazy?" Sparx spluttered. "Do you want to run towards the danger?"

"We're going to have to find another way in," Troy decided. "Come on!"

With that, he set off towards the back of the gardens. Spyro and Astral charged after him.

"I liked you all better when you were sleeping," Sparx muttered, flying off after them.

* * *

><p>And I'm done. So now Troy is going to learn some skills of his own. Sounds almost like _**Eragon, **_**I know, but that's an accident too. Also, I chose the word Curaga from **_**Final Fantasy**_**, but only because I couldn't think of a better word.**

So, next time, Troy and his friends fight to protect the Temple from the invaders.

Until thenâ€|

4. Battle for the Temple

On to Chapter 3 and the real action begins!

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So nowâ€| here we go!

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><p>Chapter 3: Battle for the Temple<p>

As Troy and the dragons reached the back buildings leading to the Temple, another metal ball crashed down on the high podium and split apart, revealing three sinister Apes, two Small and one Medium. The Ape Leader spotted them and snarled, "The Purple Dragon, and the Dragon Rider."

"Hey, ugly ape guy," Sparx called out and then started hooting like a monkey. "Now that we've exchanged some pleasantries, can we fight? Or at least, you lot can fight and I'll watch."

Troy drew out his sword and turned to the dragons. "You ready, guys?"

"Always," Astral replied.

Spyro's body burst into flames as charged into one Small Ape, sending it flying back. Astral launched a Fire Stream at the other Small Ape,

taking it out quickly.

"You got your powers back!" Troy gasped.

Before Astral could explain, another ball landed on the ground. As the dust settled, two vicious reptilian dogs ran toward the group, growling and baring their teeth.

"Death Hounds!" Astral gasped.

One Hound lowered its head and charged with incredible speed, knocking Spyro off his feet. Astral pounced onto its back and bit the back of its neck, killing it. The other Hound dived at Troy, its teeth bared. Troy quickly blocked the attack with his shield and then stabbed the Hound in the chest.

With an angry roar, the Ape Leader jumped down from the podium and threw a bluish orb at Troy's feet. Before he could react, the bomb exploded, trapping Troy in a layer of ice.

"Troy!" Astral cried, running to his side.

The Ape Leader swung its blade out, blocking the dragons' path. Desperately, Troy started to struggle in the ice until it finally shattered and he charged at the Ape Leader. Before he could swing his blade down, the Ape Leader spun quickly round, knocking Troy down with his sword. As Spyro charged at him, it jumped aside quickly and landed close by. Astral launched another Fire Stream at him, but he avoided her in the same way, throwing down another bomb that the dragons both dodged.

"It's no use," Troy grunted, getting painfully to his feet. "That guy's too fast for us."

"Not if we use this!" Spyro focused his power and suddenly the world around him slowed down, except for Astral and Troy.

"What theâ€¢?" Troy gasped. "How did youâ€¢?"

"No time to explain, literally." Astral launched into a Comet Dash and took out the Ape Leader just before time restored itself.

"Where did you learn to do that?" Troy asked. "And what was it anyway?"

"It's called Dragon Time.." Astral replied. "We learned it in our dreams. We'll tell you later." As Troy joined them, she saw that his arm was badly scratched. "You're hurt."

"I'll fix that," Troy said, placing a hand on the wound.
"Curagaâ€¢" Then he removed his hand, uncovering a completely healed arm.

"How did you do that?" Spyro gasped.

"Like Astral said, later," Troy said, sheathing his sword. "Right now, we've got a Temple to save. Come on."

They entered the building and passed through to the other side. As they came out, Troy looked up to see the Dreadwings flying towards

the Temple, but he also saw some dragons with humans on their backs flying towards the Dreadwings. Seconds later, a bomb blew open a wall next to them and some Apes charged out. But before they could even strike, a swarm of Jeweled Spiders pounced upon them and took them out. Troy and his friends ran past and set off again.

After several more attacks from Apes, Death Hounds and some of the nocturnal wildlife, they passed through a tunnel and found themselves on a cliff overlooking the Temple's balcony. They looked down and saw Ignitus, Cosmo and Troy's brother, Orion, battling an ever-increasing army of Apes. Watching the scene was an armoured figure on the back of a purple Dreadwing. Ignitus was keeping the Apes away with a series of blows and some Fire attacks. As an Ape tried to pounce on the Fire Guardian, Cosmo caught it with a Psychic Beam and flung it back into the armies. Orion was killing the approaching Apes with his sword, but still they kept coming.

"IGNITUS!" Spyro and Astral called down.

The Fire Guardian looked round and spotted the group. "Get down here, young ones," he shouted up. "We need your help."

Just then, some Apes tackled him to the ground. Cosmo and Orion turned to help, but the Apes held them back. Troy leapt onto Astral's back and they followed Spyro onto the balcony. As they landed, the armoured figure shouted to the armies in a muffled voice, "Focus your attention on the purple dragon and the Rider!"

The Apes immediately turned to the little group, leaving Ignitus panting on the floor. As Troy, Spyro and Astral tensed themselves for battle, the Fire Guardian stood up, focused his energy and unleashed a Fire Fury that knocked the Apes flying, but also broke some masonry down, cutting the group off from Ignitus and the others.

As the dust settled, several more Apes jumped onto the balcony and attacked them. Working together, Troy and the dragons were able to quickly defeat them. As they killed the last one, a screech made them turn round. They saw the Dreadwing hovering before them, the Assassin on its back.

"You're on your own with this one, guys," Sparx trembled.

"This one?" Astral asked. "How's that different from the last one?"

"Or the one before that?" Spyro added.

"PREPARE TO DIE!" the Assassin yelled incomprehensibly.

"What did he say?" Troy asked.

"He said something about preparing to die," Sparx replied confused. "Either that or he wants you to repair a pieâ€¦ yeah, noâ€¦ yeah."

With a loud shriek, the Dreadwing swooped down towards them, its claws raised. Troy ducked down, narrowly missing the attack, but Spyro wasn't so lucky. The Dreadwing grabbed him around the waist and then took off into the sky.

"Spyro!" Astral gasped.

"Quickly, let's get after him!" Troy yelled, leaping onto her back.

"Here we go again," Sparx sighed, grabbing onto Troy's shoulder.

Astral spread her wings and took off after the Assassin. They chased each other around the Temple's rooftops, swooping around the towers and the battling Riders, before Astral finally caught up with the Dreadwing. The monstrous beast turned its head and launched a blast of dark fire at them. Astral quickly went into a barrel-roll, avoiding the fire, then beat her wings harder, drawing alongside it.

"Now, Troy!"

Pulling out his sword, Troy plunged it into the monster's leg. It screeched out in pain and released its grip on Spyro, allowing him to escape.

"Don't you dare hurt my beast!" the Assassin snapped.

"Why's he talking about burning his feast?" Sparx asked.

The Assassin drew out his own sword and swung it at Troy, who blocked it with his shield. Astral then pulled back from the Dreadwing and shot out a fireball, knocking the beast down.

The Assassin pulled his reins up, allowing the beast to recover. "You haven't seen the last of me!" he called out, before leading his Dreadwing away from the group.

"I'm just going to assume he said, it was great meeting you and have a nice day, in which case we thank you," Sparx misinterpreted.

Troy then looked around and saw the other Dreadwings flying after the Assassin. "The Apes are pulling out!" he called. "The Temple is safe."

"For now," Spyro muttered. "Thanks for the help back there."

"Not a problem," Astral replied. "Let's head back to Master Ignitus."

The group flew back to the balcony where Ignitus, Cosmo and Orion were waiting for them. "Is everyone alright?" Ignitus asked.

"Yes, Master Ignitus," Astral replied.

"Some wake up call, uh?" Orion sighed.

"Well, we were awake before the attack hit," Troy replied. "How did you get prepared so quickly?"

"I had a vision that the Temple would be invaded," Cosmo explained. "Ignitus was the one who ordered us to ready for battle. Good thing everyone listened, otherwise we would never have survived the invasion."

Then a look of concern crossed Ignitus's face. "Where's

Cynder?"

Troy, Spyro and Astral cast sheepish glances between them, each one unable to decide who would break the news firstâ€|

* * *

><p>Sometime later, Troy, Spyro and Astral met up with the other Guardians in the Grotto. Orion, Cosmo and some of the other Riders were there too. Once they had gathered, Troy had explained that Cynder had left to find her destiny in the world. Cosmo, Orion and the Guardians were saddened by the news, and eventually the others felt guilty about the cruel things they'd said to her. Ignitus then turned to the Pool of Visions, determined to see where she's going. That had been about an hour ago and nothing had come up.<p>

Troy then came up to the Fire Guardian. "See anything, Ignitus?" he asked.

"No," the larger dragon sighed. "I can't see where Cynder has goneâ€| just darkness."

"Wait a minute," Sparx murmured, scratching his antennae. "Cynder, darknessâ€| aren't they the same thing?"

Troy turned to berate the dragonfly, but then Ignitus spoke up. "What's this? Something's coming into focusâ€|" His scaly brows creased in confusion. "This is peculiarâ€| I see you, Spyro and Astral, at the base of a great tree, amidst a lake of mist and gloomâ€|"

"A tree?" Astral cried out. "I've seen that treeâ€| in my dreamsâ€|"

"So have I," Spyro put in, before murmuring, "Only they usually feel more like nightmaresâ€|"

"You've seen it too?" Troy asked, before noticing the others looking crossly at him.

"Young Rider, you and your friends have been keeping secrets," Ignitus chided. "What is it you see, in these dreams of yours?"

"I'm sorry, Ignitus," Troy sighed.

"Me too," Spyro mumbled. "I thought they would go awayâ€|"

"So did I," Astral admitted. "But they keep getting worseâ€|"

"Relax, young ones," Ignitus said soothingly. "Thinkâ€|"

Troy closed his eyes and struggled to remember. "I keep seeingâ€|"

"A mountain draped in shadow," Spyro put in.

"A face of stone beneath two moons," Astral added.

"And darkness," Troy finished.

Botanica, a young Plant dragon, and Hydrus, a Water dragon, both gasped in horror. "The Mountain of Malefor!"

On cue, a burst of lightning flashed across the window and there was a loud crash of thunder. "Whoa," Sparx cried out. "Am I the only one who thought that was weird?"

"There was another dream," Astral said slowly. "Spyro and I had the same one, but it was more like we were seeing into the past and the future all at once!"

"And there was a voice, calling himself the Chronicler," Spyro added. "That's when we saw the tree!"

"Really?" Troy asked. "Because I also had another dream: I was in a place called the Hall of Rider Heroes and there was a human there called the Sentinel. I saw the tree then too."

"Impossible," Terrador grunted.

"I know," Sparx stammered, still thinking of the lightning strike. "There isn't even a storm!"

"The Chronicler?" Cyril asked, puzzled.

"What?" Sparx spluttered. "Don't encourage them!"

"I don't believe it either," Volteer agreed, equally perplexed. "I've not heard that name in ages!"

"Nor has anyone," said Ignitus. "But there is no way that Spyro and Astral could have known. This is! fascinating."

"Who is the Chronicler?" Troy asked. "And this Sentinel?"

"I'm not sure who the Sentinel is," Cosmo replied, "but the Chronicler is an ancient dragon of immeasurable wisdom! though I've only heard stories. In fact, I've had my doubts as to the legitimacy of the tales! yet now, I'm left to wonder!"

"As are we all," said Hurricos, a young Wind dragon. "But if it's true, then it's rather unsettling that the re-emergence of the Chronicler should coincide with an attack on the Temple, not to mention these other visions that Spyro, Troy and Astral are having!"

"Yes, very," Ignitus agreed. "Tales of the Chronicler are often interwoven with tales of doom."

"Oh goody," Sparx sighed exasperatedly. "I was afraid we might have to spend the rest of the night without any more doom."

The Guardians and the Riders then left the Grotto and went out onto the balcony, looking up at the predawn sky and at the moons still shining above.

"It was only a matter of time, Ignitus," Volteer said grimly. "We all felt it; a great evil is on the horizon!"

"Perhaps," Ignitus sighed. "But we mustn't rush to judgmentâ€| this evening has brought about many unexplained things."

"We may not have time, Ignitus," Cyril said darkly. "The Celestial Moons are almost at an eclipse, this we know for certain. We must prepare for the worstâ€| the Night of Eternal Darkness draws nigh."

"If 'nigh' means soon, I'm outta here," Sparx piped up nervously.

"Your instincts, though faint of heart, are true," Terrador said gruffly. "We are no longer safe here. This recent attack is likely the first of many. The forces of the Ape King know of Troy and Spyro's existence and will not rest until they witness their demiseâ€|"

"'Demise'" Sparx mimicked Terrador's voice then giggled. "Hate to be either of youâ€|" Then he realized the dragons were glaring at him crossly. "What? You guys need to lighten up."

"I'm afraid Terrador is right," Ignitus sighed. "As uncertain as things are, none of us can remain idle andâ€| watch our worst fears unfold before us."

"Exactly," Sparx cried. "We need a good hiding place."

Ignitus turned to the other dragons and gave them orders. "Volteer, you and Cyril must go to the mainland to learn what news you can. Take Tesla and Botanica and their Riders to aide you. Hydrus, Banshee, you two will take your Riders across the islands and tell the inhabitants about the dangers. Terrador, you and Hurricos must make haste to the Shattered Vale and warn the inhabitants of that region that darkness is spreading in Malefor. Cosmo, Orion and I shall stay here and search for Cynder. These are dangerous times for a dragon to be wandering aboutâ€|"

Spyro, Troy and Astral looked at each other with melancholy glances as Ignitus prayed, "May our Ancestors watch over us and keep us safe in these dark times."

"What should we do, Ignitus?" Spyro asked.

"Young dragon, you, Troy and Astral must travel by another path and seek out the tree from your dreams," the Fire Guardian replied. "If the stories of the Chronicler are true, there may be hope for us yetâ€|"

"Good idea, Master," Astral spoke up. "And I think I know where to beginâ€| Near where I went into hiding, there is an Ancient Grove within the forest at the end of the Silver River, a secret place untouched by civilization. The waters there are poisonous as well as the creatures who are nurtured by it, but we shouldn't encounter any real danger."

"Sounds a good place to start," Troy said. "Let's get ready to leave."

Soon the dragons, the Riders and the Guardians were ready to go. Astral was dressed in her Rider Steed armour and Troy had donned his

armour and protective cloak. He climbed onto the saddle on Astral's back and she took to the air. The Riders climbed onto their steeds and were airborne too.

"Good luck, everyone," Cosmo called out.

"Orion, until I return, you're in charge of the Riders," Troy told his brother.

"I'll take care of them for you," Orion promised.

"Trust your instincts," Ignitus called up. "We shall be waiting for you here at the Temple, when your task is complete."

With a smile, Spyro, Sparx, Troy and Astral set off downstream, heading for the Grove, unaware that this would be the last they would see of their friends for quite a whileâ€|

* * *

><p>I think that's a good place to end, don't you? Okay, my task for this story is choosing three more skills for Troy to learn from the Sentinel. Give me your ideas and I'll choose the best ones.

So next chapter, the group arrives at the Ancient Grove, where a surprise lies in store for them.

So until thenâ€|

5. The Pirates of the Ancient Grove

So now the adventure really begins here.

**Disclaimer:*** This story has nothing to do with **_*Eragon, How To Train Your Dragon, Dragon Booster**_* or any other stories involving humans riding dragons. Also, I only own my OC's and nothing else.*

So here we go!

* * *

><p>Chapter 4: The Pirates of the Ancient Grove<p>

As dawn broke over the Realms, Spyro, Troy and Astral reached the end of the Silver River and landed in a small clearing. As they looked round, Troy felt a chill run down his spine. The forest had a dark, poisonous feel to it; the trees had green trunks and purple leaves, the water ran with an acidic tinge and even the insects looked more sinister than the ones in the swamp.

"Oh yes, lovely," Sparx drawled sarcastically. "We always get sent to the nicest places."

"Come on, Sparx," Spyro said airily. "It's not that badâ€|"

At that moment, a deep booming roar rang out of the darkness. Troy gasped in horror, Astral and Spyro cast nervous glances between them

and Sparx ducked behind Troy.

"Well, sure," the dragonfly yelled in fear. "If you ignore all the evil beasts and visions of doom and eternal darkness, which sounds lovely by the wayâ€¦ oh, and the fact that we now get to frolic through the magical creepy forest in search of some stupid tree? What's not to love?"

"Well, he's psyched," Astral said. "Let's go."

They set off into the forest, keeping their eyes open for trouble. Some Grove Mites gave them a spot of bother, but Astral simply swatted them away with her tail. A small pack of wild Death Hounds were easily dealt with by Troy and a Growth was destroyed by Spyro's flames. They crossed bubbling streams and knocked down some old trees to make paths through the woods, but they never found the specific tree from their dreams.

After a while, as they entered a clearing with blue butterflies, Spyro looked round, confused. "What are we doing here?" he asked.

"I don't know," Astral replied. "I'm not even sure what we're supposed to be looking for."

"Hold on, guys," Troy said, holding up a hand. "I think we might be lost. Let's stop and think for a moment."

Meanwhile, Sparx caught a couple of butterflies and started eating them. "Hey, have you tried these yet?" he called down with his mouth full. "They're delishâ€¦ come on, try some."

"Sparx, don't eat that," Spyro cried, disgusted. "You don't even know what it is."

The dragonfly responded with a few loud belches. "Nonsense, they're perfectly edible."

"Shhh," Troy suddenly hissed. "Something's coming! Quick, we have to hide."

At once, they ducked behind a gnarled root and peeked out to see what there was to see. Seconds later, some strange figures emerged from the foliage and stepped into the clearing. The newcomers looked like black-and-white hounds with long drooling tongues. They were dressed in red and white garments and the largest one waved a long cutlass in the air.

"Alright, maggots, time to spread out," the biggest hound snarled. "Don't bother snaring anything smaller than a Scurvywing. Skabb only wants prizefighters this timeâ€¦ and double the bounty for the one who captures Arrrrrborick!"

As the smaller hounds cheered, Troy let out a gasp of horror.
"Skavengers!"

"You know these guys?" Astral whispered.

"Only in stories," the young human replied. "When I was a child, my mom used to tell me stories about vicious pirates known as Skavengers who roamed the seas and skies, stealing treasure wherever they could

and capturing powerful warriors."

"What did they need the warriors for?" Spyro murmured.

"Prize fights," Troy replied grimly. "The stories tell of how many warriors were put into battle in the Skavengers' arena against a powerful monster, and the arena visitors place bets on who they think will win. As far as I know, any warrior that gets taken by Skavengers have never been seen again!"

"Well, at least they're not residents of this forest." Astral sighed as they slipped back the way they've come. "We must have made a wrong turning somewhere."

"All those in favour of turning back?" Sparx asked, raising a hand.

Troy was about to respond when a loud thud rang out. He turned to find that Spyro had collapsed on the ground. "Oh, not again," he groaned. But as he knelt to pick him up, another dizzy spell hit him and he fainted on top of the purple dragon.

"Troy!" Astral gasped.

At once, the Skavengers turned towards the roots. "The noises came from over there," the leader snarled, pointing his sword out. "Go see what it is."

Astral gulped as the dog-pirates drew closer, but then Sparx let out a groan and covered his mouth. "Uh-oh! not now!" And then he let out an enormous burp!

The Skavengers froze for a moment, looking around in worry. Astral took this opportunity to heft Troy onto her back. "Sparx, you have to distract the Skavengers," she muffled. "I'll take Troy and Spyro to somewhere safe." And before Sparx could argue, she grabbed Spyro in her mouth and set off into the foliage.

The dragonfly gulped slightly and flew out in front of the Skavengers. "Uh! so uh, how's everyone doing?" he stammered sheepishly.

One of the small Skavengers chuckled, "Hey lookit, little bug is not much bigger than a bog-rat."

"Hey," Sparx scowled. "Who are you calling a bug, you crazy-eyed, mangy drool-mutt?" The Skavengers growled angrily at him, making him regret his words. "Uh-oh."

"GET HIM!" the Skavenger leader yelled.

Sparx quickly flew off into the woods, the Skavengers right behind him. "MOMMY!"

As soon as they were gone, Astral stepped out of hiding and dashed off in the opposite direction, carrying Spyro and Troy with her. At last, she spotted a cave and hurried inside, but then she suddenly felt dizzy and collapsed to the ground, dropping Spyro and letting Troy roll off her back!

* * *

><p>Spyro woke up and found himself back in the Dream Realm, this time on his own. He saw that snow was falling onto the platform and as he got to his feet, a chill wind blew over him, making him shiver. "Brrr, it's cold here," he murmured.<p>

He glided off the platform onto the next one, which was blocked by an icy blue light, then he went up to the Elemental Pool and peered down. "Chronicler, are you there?" he called out. "Astral and I have done what you've asked of us, but I'm afraid we're lost."

"As long as the spirits of the Ancestors are with you, you are never lost," the Chronicler's voice replied. "Calm yourself, Spyro and cool your thoughts."

Spyro stepped onto the Pool and felt a chill run through his body. He closed his eyes and focused on the Chronicler's instructions. "Do not let your fire control youâ€| there are other elements at play here. The power of Ice also flows through you, just as the chill winds whip through your wings. Let itâ€|expand!"

Spyro focused his energy and heard a strange clinking noise. He opened his eyes in time to see his body covered in icicles before they shot out in every direction, taking out the barrier. An icy glow covered his scales, but he didn't feel cold at all.

"I knew you'd remember," the Chronicler said. "Life seeks out balance, young dragon, and one who can master Fire and Ice is truly powerful in the growing face of danger."

Spyro set off along the platforms towards the Dream Temple. As the first statues moved to attack him, he shot out an icy orb at their feet, which burst and coated them in ice, the same way that Troy had been frozen by the Ape's bomb. Spyro then took him out with normal hits. On the next platform, Spyro learned that by covering his tail in ice and spinning around quickly, he could send the soldiers flying.

At the next platform, he found his path blocked by a large lake. After thinking it over, he shot some Polar Bombs at the water's surface, creating icy platforms that he could cross. Then the remaining soldiers were taken out with his Ice Fury. Soon, he reached the Dream Temple, but when he tried to enter, he was repelled by an invisible force field.

"What's going on?" he called out. "Why can't I go in?"

"Your sister is in this Realm too," the Chronicler replied. "What I'm about to tell you is very important and you must both hear it."

Spyro sighed and settled down to waitâ€|

* * *

><p>Meanwhileâ€|

Slowly, Astral opened her eyes and looked round. She was back in the Dream Realm, but this time, Spyro wasn't with her. Clumps of grass

were growing out of the platform she was on and leaves blew past on the wind. She glided over to the next platform which was blocked by a glowing green barrier, approached the Elemental Pool and called out, "Chronicler, can you hear me? We've reached the Grove, but I don't know where to go from here."

"So long as you and your friends are together, you will always know the best course of action," the Chronicler's voice answered. "Just relax, and let nature take its course."

Astral climbed onto the Pool and felt a strange feeling course through her body, like snakes slithering in her veins. She closed her eyes and listened to the Chronicler's voice, "Do not let your Fire control youâ€| there are other rarer elements at play here. The power of Plant also flows through you, just as the leaves and petals are blown on the winds. Let itâ€| blossom!"

Astral concentrated and felt a powerful wind blowing around her. She opened her eyes and saw she was surrounded by leaves, petals and sticks. Then the foliage was blasted out across the platform, taking out the barrier.

As Astral shook herself down, the Chronicler said, "So you still remember. Opposing elements needs a controlling force, young dragon, and one who controls Fire and Plant is truly powerful against the dangers ahead."

Astral set off along the platforms towards the Dream Temple. As some statues came to life and attacked, she launched several balls of green energy from her mouth. As the balls hit their targets, the soldiers were covered in thick vines which crushed them. At the next platform, she discovered that she could dissolve her body into leaves and avoid the hits of the soldiers, before changing back to normal and striking them from behind.

On the next platform, she faced a giant chasm with a lone figure standing next to it. She easily glided across the canyon, but the figure then started walking towards her, only to fall into the hole and then reappeared on the other side before walking again. After a while, she learned that she had to shoot her Plant Bomb across the gap so the vines would create a bridge, allowing the figure to cross safely and letting her into the next area. At the last platform, she battled other soldiers with her Plant Bomb and Leaf Shadow attacks before unleashing her Plant Fury to take out the rest.

She then reached the Temple where she met her brother, Spyro and together they entered the doorway and looked down into the pool.

"Okay, now what?" Spyro asked. "What do you want us to do?"

"Yeah," Astral agreed. "I think we're entitled to know what's happening."

"You two already know what's happening," the Chronicler replied grimly, "of the great evil that is awakeningâ€| but there is more that you must understandâ€|"

At once, an image appeared in the pool; an image that chilled Astral to the bone. It was a mountain shaped like a dragon's head, its jaws

open in an eternal roar and a great beam of purple energy blasting into the peak.

"I've seen this place before," Spyro breathed.

"So have I," Astral murmured. "It frightens me."

"This is an evil place, young dragons," the Chronicler agreed. "It is called the Mountain of Malefor, asylum to the wandering phantoms and lost spirits of those who have turned to darkness. But to the spirits themselves and the black-hearted, it goes by another nameâ€|"

At once, the scene changed to show an army of Apes approaching the mountain, led by a monstrous, armour-clad creature with a glowing green eye carrying a broad staff topped with a flashing black crystal. As they stopped, the creature let out a deep growl of awe. "The Well of Souls!"

As the Apes let out a ragged cheer, Astral blacked out once moreâ€|

* * *

><p>At the same timeâ€|

Troy woke up and found he was back in the Hall of Rider Heroes. As he stood up, he looked round and saw the Sentinel standing before him.

"Hello again, young Rider," the hooded figure spoke.

"Hello, Sentinel," Troy replied. "I've been following my friends to where the Chronicler wanted them to go, but I think they're lost."

"Keep trusting your friends and soon they'll find their way," the Sentinel replied. "But for now, you have to learn a new skill and this time, you're going to need your sword. Draw it out and let me see it."

Troy drew out his sword and showed it to the Sentinel who admired it with gasps of amazement. "Yesâ€| yes this is it," he murmured before saying aloud, "Young Rider, you hold in your hands Draconis, the sword of the Great Trafalgar. This noble blade has slaughtered the most powerful enemies in the Realms, including the Dark Lord himself. Now it is time you learned one of the most powerful skills ever wielded by the Great Riderâ€| the skill of Channeling!"

"What's that?" Troy asked amazed.

"Riders have the ability to channel a dragons' element into their weapons," the Sentinel explained. "For example, you can channel the element of Fire and create a Flaming Sword that can burn your enemies."

"Whoa," the young Rider breathed. "How do I do that?"

"First, focus on your steed's element then once you can feel it, say the words: Conveias Infernus."

Troy closed his eyes and focused as hard as he could. Eventually, he could see Astral launching her stream of fire. "_Conveias_ _Infernus_!"

As he opened his eyes, he saw his sword lighting up with fire. At first, he almost dropped his weapon in fright, but then he realized that it didn't feel hot in his hands at all. "Whoa!"

"Skillfully done, young Rider," the Sentinel commended. "You have mastered the power of the Burning Blade. But there are other elements at play to be used in your weapon. For Razor Leaf Blade, you must say _Conveias Phullon. _You can also channel some of Spyro's elements into your blade. To gain the Frozen Blade, say _Conveias Glacius. _In time, as Spyro and Astral relearn their elements, you will receive the words for Channeling. For now, learn what you know."

For some time, Troy practiced the skill of Channeling, using specific targets to practice on. He soon found that the Razor Leaf Blade could send choking spores with one wave, blinding his enemies to his attacks, and that the Frozen Blade could encase his foes in blocks of ice that shattered upon impact.

"Well done, young Rider," the Sentinel praised, once Troy had finished off his targets. "These skills will be useful against the darkness to come."

"What is this darkness?" Troy asked. "I think I'm ready to know what's going on."

"You already know what's going on of the great evil that is awakening. But it is time you learned a little more." With that, the Sentinel stepped forward and placed his hands on the sides of Troy's head.

Troy gasped as a vision appeared before his eyes. He saw a troop of Apes approaching a terrifying mountain, led by a monstrous Ape with a glowing green eye.

"I've seen him before," Troy breathed. "He attacked my village months ago."

"His name is Gaul the Ape King," the Sentinel replied. "He's the most vicious and powerful Ape of the Dark Master's forces. He has reached the Well of Souls and when the Night of Eternal Darkness comes, the Realms will be doomed!"

Then Troy blacked out again!

* * *

><p>With a groan, Troy got up and looked around. He saw that he and the dragons were in some sort of tunnel system next to a purple river. As he stood up, he saw Spyro and Astral getting to their feet.</p>

"Are you guys alright?" he asked.

"Yeah, I think so," Spyro murmured as he looked around. "Hey, where's Sparx?"

"He was distracting the Skavengers while I took you to this cave," Astral replied. "Looks like he has come back yet!"

But just as she spoke, a yellow glow zipped round the corner and flew up to the group. "Oh guys," Sparx panted. "I'm out of shape!"

"Sparx, you made it," Troy beamed. "Did you lose the Skavengers?"

But before the dragonfly could reply, the same group of dog-faced pirates emerged round the corner and skidded to a halt.

"What have we here?" snarled the Skavenger leader. "Arrr first catch of the day!"

* * *

><p>And I'll stop there. I added the next dream training because I'll be honest; this chapter would have been too short and too boring. Many thanks go to Casaric for suggesting Channeling and the other ideas for Troy's skills which I'll be using in future chapters.

Next chapter: Spyro, Troy and Astral battle more Skavengers before facing the dreaded Arborick.

So until then!

6. The Treemendous Terror of Arborick

Hello again readers. So now we continue the Ancient Grove mission.

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So let's continue!

* * *

><p>Chapter 5: The Tree-mendous Terror of Arborick<p>

The smaller Skavengers drew out their swords and charged towards the group. Quickly Spyro launched a Polar Bomb at them, freezing them solid before taking them out with combos. The lead Skavenger then dashed forwards and Astral used Leaf Shadow to batter him senseless before Troy took him out with Draconis.

"Nice work, you two," the Rider beamed. "Did the Chronicler teach you those moves?"

"He certainly did," Spyro nodded.

"What did the Sentinel teach you?" Astral asked.

"I'll show you sometime," Troy replied. "Right now, we've got a tree

to find. Let's go."

Deep into the caverns they went, crossing lakes thanks to Spyro's Polar Bombs. Soon they reached a clearing and gasped. The area was filled with Skavengers snooping around next to some large cages. At the back, a large ship floated on the river and the way forward was blocked by a large stockade.

"How do we get past those mangy pirates?" Astral growled.

Troy looked towards the ship and spotted a large cannon aiming at the stockade. "I have an idea," he said, drawing out his sword. "Spyro, you and Sparx head over to the ship, load that cannon and fire it at the wall. Astral and I will distract the Skavengers."

Spyro and Astral nodded in understanding. "Right, let's do it!"

Troy and Astral leapt out of hiding and charged into the Skavengers, making them turn. "Ah-ha, fresh fighters," one Medium Skavenger snarled. "Get 'em, lads!"

The smaller Skavengers immediately charged forward, followed by several Skavenger leaders. Astral kept the small Skavengers busy with her Fire Blast and Plant Bomb attacks. One Skavenger leader charged at Troy who blocked his sword with his shield. Then he focused his energy until he saw Spyro's ice attack. "Conveias Glacius!"

His sword then glowed blue and became like ice. Troy then swung it out, hitting the Skavenger who was immediately frozen solid.

"Nice one, Troy," Astral called out.

"Little lesson from the Sentinel," Troy explained before he shattered the ice statue with his sword.

Just then, Troy heard a loud boom and looked up in time to see a cannonball zoom overhead and blow up the stockade. Spyro then flew in to unleash an Ice Fury that finished off the remaining Skavengers.

The dragons recovered their health with some Spirit Gems and Troy used his Curing to heal his minor injuries. As they set off along the path, a sudden screech made them turn round. There, hovering before them was a large red bird-like creature with a jagged beak and sharp claws on the edge of its wings. A small Skavenger clung onto its back, waving his sword and laughing.

"What the heck is that?" Astral cried.

"It's a Skurvywing," Troy gasped, "the favoured steed of the Skavengers!"

Quickly, Spyro and Astral fired a volley of Fireballs, which the Skurvywing dodged before launching a wave of energy. Troy quickly jumped forward and raised his shield, blocking the blast. The monstrous bird then swooped down and tried to grab Troy who rolled aside just in time. Astral pounced forward and slammed the Skurvywing to the ground. With a growl, the Skavenger jumped up and knocked Astral back into a tree where she hit her head and fell. Spyro went into a Comet Dash and charged into the Skavenger, knocking it over

the cliff.

But while he were distracted, the Skurvywing turned to attack the still stunned Astral. With a screech of victory, it raised its claws, ready to strike Astral. At the last minute, Troy quickly ran in and raised his sword, catching the claws before slamming his shield into its face. The bird raised its head in pain and Troy took this moment to thrust his sword into its chest, taking it down.

"Hey, Sparx, you can come out now," Spyro called.

"Phew," Astral panted, getting to her feet. "Thanks, Troy."

"No problem," the Rider said modestly. "Now come on, we have to keep going."

Eventually, they came out of the tunnels and found themselves high in the treetops where Giant Jellyfish, similar to the ones at Convexity, floated under the branches. Spyro and Astral glided over the Jellyfish without a problem, but Troy was left stranded on the platform. Thankfully, Astral shot out Plant Bombs at the branches which sprouted vines for Troy to swing across on.

Soon they found themselves at a large lake with a massive broken shipwreck floating on the poisonous waters. Troy and the dragons crossed the shipwreck to the other side and set off again. But just as they neared a tree-lined passageway, a loud roar shook the branches and then some small Skavengers came dashing out, shrieking in fear and completely ignoring the group.

"What was that about?" Spyro asked puzzled.

"Something must have frightened them," Troy murmured. "Let's see what's in there."

"Must we?" Sparx cried out in fear. "What if whatever scared them is still there? It might want to eat us!"

"We have to go," Astral replied. "Besides, I'm sure we've handled worse than this."

"Care to remind me what could possibly have been worse than this?" Sparx shouted.

"Come on," Spyro said as they entered the passage.

Emerging from the tunnel, they found themselves on a cliff overlooking a large mist-shrouded glade. And there before them was a large and very familiar tree.

"Is that your dumb tree?" Sparx asked indignantly. "It's beautiful. Can we go now?"

"This feels like the right place," Spyro murmured.

"And that's definitely the tree from our dreams," Troy agreed.

"Butâ€œ I'm not sure what we're supposed to do here," Astral finished.

"Wonderful," Sparx sighed exasperatedly. "I'm going to go over here, you know, give you guys a few minutes. Maybe there's a lily pad you forgot to sing onâ€¢ or a rainbow you can talk toâ€¢!"

As Sparx flew off, Troy rolled his eyes and turned to the dragons. "Listen guys, I'm sure the Chronicler wouldn't have brought us here unless he had a reason to. Just try and see what he wants us to do next."

Astral nodded and stepped to the edge of the cliff. "Hello?" she called out. "We're here!"

"Yeah," Spyro added. "Give us a sign orâ€¢ something."

Suddenly with a loud roar, the tree began to sink into the lake. As Sparx flew back to see what the noise was about, a huge monster emerged from the waters. It seemed to be made entirely of wood, its body wrapped in vines and its eyes glowing purple. The monster pulled itself out of the mud and let out another ear-splitting roar.

Sparx gulped. "Uh, it's my turn to pass out. You're on your own, guys." And he collapsed onto the grass.

"Oh brother," Astral sighed.

"Come on, guys," Troy yelled, pulling out Draconis. "Let's turn this thing into firewood!"

The tree-beast stomped forward and swung its arm out, but they dodged out of the way. Spyro and Astral then launched fireballs at the monster, setting it alight. With a roar, the monster squatted down and began to swing its upper body around, shaking the fire off and into the air. Spyro and Astral dodged aside to avoid the flames and Troy threw up his shield and covered his head with his magic cape which protected himself from the flames. The dragons then fired more fireballs, weakening the monster more.

Angrily, it swung its leg up and kicked Troy, sending him flying to the higher cliff on the other side. The dragons swooped over to him and shot another volley of fireballs at the monster, who quickly ducked down to avoid the shots. Then it seemed to disappear.

"Huh? Where did it go?" Troy asked, slowly approaching the edge. But suddenly a monstrous arm grabbed onto the side and as Troy quickly ran back, the tree-monster pulled itself right up onto the cliff!

"YIKES!" Astral gasped.

"This doesn't look good!" Spyro cried as the wooden monster towered over them.

"Keep burning it!" Astral yelled. She and Spyro ran forward, launching Fire Streams at the monster.

"Careful, guys!" Troy shouted. "That tree's too tough for you!"

At that moment, Troy suddenly remembered some old advice that his master, Ursus, once taught him: _"Don't forget, Troy, if a tree seems

too big to cut down, you just need a sharper ax." -

"Wait a minute," he realized, looking at his sword. "My weapon is sharper than any ax!" With that, he focused his power into Draconis and called out, "_Conveias Infernus_!"

At once, the blade caught fire and Troy swung it out. He turned in time to see Astral get knocked back by a kick from the monster. As it roared in triumph and raised its foot to crush her, Troy ran up and sank his Burning Blade into the monster's toes, setting them alight. It let out a roar of pain and grabbed its foot, stumbling towards the cliff edge. Spyro then delivered a Comet Dash into the other foot, knocking the monster right over the edge, where it fell into the lake with a deafening splash.

On the other side, Sparx woke up with a start and looked around. "What theâ€¢? Oh, you guys killed it."

He then buzzed over to where Troy and Spyro were helping Astral to her feet. "We came all this way so you three could kill it?" he cried out. He then began to mock them with a sarcastic spooky voice, "Troooy, Spyrooo, Astraal, I am the mighty treee, calling you from across the voiiid. Journey hither and vanquish meeee..."

"Yeah," Spyro murmured. "I don't think we were supposed to do thatâ€¢!"

"Wait," Troy cried out. "You guys don't suppose that was the Chronicler, do you?"

"Not likely," Astral replied. "Cosmo said he was supposed to be a dragon. But then why would he lead us here?"

"There they are, boss," a growl rang out.

Troy and the dragons turned to find a group of Skavengers had arrived, led by the largest Skavenger they had ever seen. He looked every inch the pirate captain; one hand was replaced by a sharp hook while the other held a large cutlass, his leg was metallic and he carried a massive treasure chest on his back. Two parrots were perched on his shoulders, both wearing skull caps with golden feathers on them. One parrot was orange and wore a patch over its left eye, the other was purple and had a patch on its right eye.

"Alas," the orange parrot spoke in a very dignified voice, "the dragons and the human who have been wandering lost in the Ancient Groveâ€¢ you've been quite a nuisance to us."

"Yeargh," the Skavenger Captain growled and nodded, making his tongue wiggle.

"Whoa, what's with the gurgling nitwit?" Sparx asked.

"If I were you, I'd shut my mouth," the purple parrot yelled in a very sharp tone. "I ain't gonna say it again!"

"Sparx, maybe you should stay out of this one," Spyro said quickly.

"Yes, mind yourself," the orange parrot agreed.

"Don't be rude to him, Sparx," Troy scolded. "This is Skabb, Captain of the Skavengers and head of the Felmuth Arena."

"The human knows him," the orange parrot breathed, impressed.

"Indeed, you are correct. Now let me introduce myself: I am Scratch, MC of the Felmuth Arena tournaments and this is my partner, Sniff. To answer your earlier question, NO! That isn't the Chronicler, whoever that isâ€¦ that was Arborick and he was going to be the main attraction in our tournament! And now it's ruined."

"Oops," Astral said without any sympathy. "Sorry, we didn't know."

"Yeah," Spyro agreed sarcastically. "I really feel bad about that."

"Oh really, no need for remorse," Scratch interjected. "You three will do just fine."

"Uh oh," Troy muttered.

"What does he mean by that?" Sparx asked.

Just then, a Skavenger leader jumped out behind them and thrust the hilt of his sword into the back of Spyro's head, knocking him out.

"Spyro!" Astral gasped, turning in alarm. But then Skabb swung his sword down and stunned her in the same fashion.

"Astral!" Troy yelled. "You leave them alone, you mangy curs!" He ran forward and raised his sword to Spyro's attacker, taking him out. More Skavengers surrounded him and Troy raised his sword up to fight back.

"That's enough!" Scratch yelled. Troy turned and gasped when he saw Skabb holding his cutlass to Astral's throat. "Put your weapon away, or your friend here will lose her headâ€¦ literally."

"Yeah," Sniff squawked. "And she'll know the true meaning of PAIN!"

Troy scowled and sheathed his sword.

"That's a good boy," Scratch chortled. "Hold him, take his weapon!"

Two Skavengers leaders grabbed Troy's arms while a third one took his sword and shield away.

"Take them to the prison ship, fools!" Sniff shouted. "We start our first match tonight!"

Some small Skavengers tied Spyro and Astral to some poles and carried them onto a nearby ship, while the Skavengers leaders frog-marched Troy right behind them and Sparx flew alongside them. As they went aboard the ship, Troy let out a deep sigh. What have we got ourselves into this time?

* * *

><p>And there I'll stop. So now Troy and his friends are in for it now.

Next time, the group face a series of Arena matches and each learn a new skill in their dreams.

So until then!

7. A Sting in the Blundertail

So on to the action-packed next chapter! and it will be in the Felmuth Arena.

Disclaimer: This story has nothing to do with **_**Eragon, How To Train Your Dragon, Dragon Booster**_** or any other stories involving humans riding dragons. Also, I only own my OC's and nothing else.**

With that, let the story continue!

* * *

><p>Chapter 6: Sting in the Blundertail<p>

Once on board the ship, Troy and the dragons were thrown into separate cells. Spyro and Astral were in the same cell and Troy and Sparx were taken to the one opposite them. As Troy looked around his dingy environment, he suddenly realized he wasn't alone. There was another human lying fast asleep inside; a grubby looking man with scruffy black hair and beard and dressed in tattered leather armour.

"Uh, hello there," Troy whispered.

The scruffy man stirred and looked up crossly. "What do you want?" he grunted in a gravelly voice.

"I'm sorry," Troy stammered. "I didn't mean to disturb you!"

The man looked Troy up and down and then slowly got to his feet. "Hmmm! you're a new guy, aren't you?"

The young Rider nodded slightly.

"Please excuse my manners," the man apologized. "I thought you were one of those mangy drool-mutts that caught me earlier or that nitwit Skabb."

"Hey, I called one of those thugs a drool-mutt, too," Sparx piped up. "And I thought Skabb was a nitwit as well."

"Your little friend here has the same opinion of the Skavengers as I do," the scruffy man smiled. "So what's your name and how'd you get here?"

"I'm Troy," the young Rider replied, "and this is Sparx. We were

captured at the Ancient Grove with the dragons in the other cell."

"Dragons, eh?" The man rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I always thought they were just legends and fairy tales!"

Just then, Troy heard a familiar voice call out, "Troy, where are you? Can you hear me?"

"I'm here, Astral," he replied, running up to the cell door and looking through the bars. "Are you guys ok?"

"Our heads feel sore, but we're fine," Spyro replied. "Are you guys ok?"

"Yeah," Troy nodded. "I've met my cellmate, uh!"

"Bloodwolf," the man finished as he joined Troy at the door. "Darrius Bloodwolf."

"Right," Troy said, uncertainly. "And these are my friends, Spyro and Astral."

"Glad to meet you," Bloodwolf beamed.

"How did you get here, Bloodwolf?" Astral asked. "I thought we'd found all the humans from the Broken Isles."

"It seems I missed you," Bloodwolf replied. "I was out fishing when my village was attacked. When I got back, there were these Apes running around, hunting any human who'd escaped Cynder's clutches. I managed to escape, but then I was pursued by a Dreadwing. Fortunately, I was able to drive it away with my arrows."

"You're an archer?" Troy cut in.

"One of the finest in my village," Bloodwolf confirmed proudly. "Sadly, my boat had been badly damaged in the fight and I washed up on the shores of that Grove. For months, I remained hidden in the forest, avoiding the creatures that roamed around there. But then, this morning, these mangy pirates came and started capturing the wildlife. At the time, I was out hunting for some food when I stupidly blundered into one of their camps. Next thing I knew, I was waking up in this cell. That was about three hours ago."

"How do we get out of here?" Spyro asked.

"You don't," Bloodwolf answered grimly. "I'm afraid you're stuck here and heading to your deaths. Nobody ever leaves the Felmuth Arena alive."

* * *

><p>Sometime later, the ship docked with the larger ship and the four prisoners were herded onto the wooden decks and again taken to separate cells. Troy, Sparx and Bloodwolf were pushed into the same cell opposite Spyro and Astral's. Hours passed tensely and Troy paced impatiently across his prison. Sparx buzzed next to him, singing in an attempt to lighten the mood.</p>

"Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home," he crooned, before humming and miming playing a harmonica.

"Sparx, must you keep doing that?" Troy grumbled.

"Well, maybe I do must I keep doing that," Sparx replied. "And who knows, it might just be crazy enough to work." Then he started singing again. "Come on, Troy-o, put that sorrow behind you and clap your hands with meâ€œ! Let the joy come pouring down, rain on me and youâ€œ! hmmm, hmmm, hmmm can't you feel it, hmmm, can't you just feel the love in the room tonight, hmmm, hmmmâ€œ!"

Troy groaned and glanced over to Bloodwolf, who had his hand in his ears the whole time. Then he walked up to the cell door and saw Spyro and Astral looking out their door.

"Is Sparx giving you a hard time?" Spyro asked.

"When is he not?" Troy groaned.

Just then, a mole came in view. Troy gasped as he recognized the figure's long white moustache, pointed candle-hat and walking stick. "Mole-Yair?"

The mole turned and gasped too. "Troy? Is that really you, old friend?"

"Yes, it's me," Troy replied.

"And Astral and I are here too," Spyro added.

"I take it you know this little guy?" Bloodwolf asked, joining the conversation.

"Who's that?" Mole-Yair cried out, raising his walking stick.

"It's okay, he's with us," Troy reassured. "Bloodwolf, this is Mole-Yair. We rescued his people from the Apes on Munitions Forge."

Mole-Yair took a careful sniff of the other human. "Well, he certainly doesn't smell like those pirates. Good to know you, Bloodwolf."

"Likewise, little fella," Bloodwolf replied.

"Where are we, Mole-Yair?" Astral asked. "Can you get us out?"

The former Manweersmall leader glanced up and down the corridor before answering. "You three are on Skabb's ship and will likely be made to compete in the arena fights, like the other prisoners." He sighed and shook his head sadly. "I, too, am a prisoner here, along with many of my kinsmen. But we moles are too frail to make for worthwhile entertainment, so we are made to serve grog to those mangy Skavengers."

"Mole-Yair, you have to get us out of here," Spyro pleaded.

But then, Mole-Yair glanced up the passage. "Shhh, we'll talk later, someone's coming," he whispered and scurried off down the corridor,

just moments before Skabb and his parrots emerged round the corner.

"I trust your living quarters are to your liking?" Scratch smirked.

"I don't know about that," Sparx murmured. "My roommates could be a lot more fun though."

"I thought I told you to keep quiet, fool," Sniff yelled then he turned to Spyro and Astral. "And you two, get ready to fight. It's HURTIN' TIME, BABY!"

"Indeed," Scratch sighed. "But don't you worry, little humans. You can get to watch the carnage with us in our box."

As Skabb set off up the passage and some Skavengers came to take the dragons and humans out, Sparx scowled. "I really, I mean more than really hate those birds."

"Go with them, Sparx," Troy whispered as his hands were chained up by the pirates. "Make sure nothing bad happens to them."

"Them? What about me?" Sparx moaned but he flew after the dragons anyway.

* * *

><p>Spyro and Astral were escorted to the main gate which led out to the arena. Outside, Astral could hear the crowds cheering in expectation of the fight to come. Then they heard Scratch speaking over the cheers. "Fiends and felons, scoundrels and swindlers, welcome to the first event of the evening! Tonight, we bring you a very special battle, sure to quench your thirst for brutality!"</p>

"Enough of this jibber-jabber," Sniff yelled. "Let's bring on the pain!"

The crowds roared in agreement as Scratch announced, "Introducing two creatures both rare and powerfulâ€¦ creatures of might and magic! Prepare yourselves and feast your eyesâ€¦ on Spyro and Astral, the DRAGONS!"

The gate was raised and Spyro and Astral ran out onto the arena, a large circle of sand ringed with a pool of poisonous water and cannons flanked around it. "Wow," Sparx buzzed in admiration. "If we weren't about to die, I'd say this was pretty neat."

The crowds however weren't as impressed as Sparx. "Hey, those aren't dragons," a voice yelled out. "Just a pair of whelplings!"

"I've got a bad feeling about this," Astral murmured.

"Me too," Spyro agreed.

"Ah, that's just the butterflies in your stomach," Sparx replied with a belch. "Ugh, trust me, I know."

Looking up, Astral could see Skabb and his parrot lackeys glaring

down from their box in the middle of the stands. She could also see Troy and Bloodwolf chained next to them.

"And their opponent," Scratch continued. "You've seen them beforeâ€| and loved them! We offer you none other than the twins of terror themselvesâ€| the BLUNDERTAILS!"

The crowds cheered more enthusiastically as a far gate opened and out staggered two monstrous scorpion-like creatures with cannons on the end of the tails. As they swiped their pincers out, the dragons leapt out of the way.

Starting the attack, Spyro blew out a Fire Blast at the nearest Blundertail. The creature covered its face with its pincers, blocking the flames, and then shot a cannonball from its tail which Spyro dodged. Astral lowered her head and charged at the other Blundertail who knocked her back with its pincers.

"This is hopeless," Spyro growled. "We can't get through their defenses."

"Just one chance." Astral went to Leaf Shadow mode then swept under the Blundertail, flinging it into the air, before changing back to normal and using air combos. As it fell to the ground, she dive-bombed it, squashing it flat. Spyro, realizing what happened, launched a Comet Dash into his attacker, knocking it flying. Then as it came crashing to the ground, he jumped in the air and dive-bombed it, crushing its shell.

The crowds went wild as the dragons shook themselves off. "Great crowd, huh?" Sparx beamed. "Wonder if I can get them to do the waveâ€|"

"Well done," Scratch drawled in admiration. "Well done indeed. Step forward, little dragons and receive your gloryâ€|"

But as they started to move, Astral suddenly felt dizzy and collapsed to the ground. The last thing she heard was another thud as Spyro fainted next to herâ€|

* * *

><p>Troy watched in horror as the dragons collapsed in the sand. The crowds began to groan and growl and Sniff became edgy. "Are you waiting for someone to move for you, kids? Don't just stand there, this ain't no puppet show!"<p>

"Oh no, not again," Troy murmured as some Skavengers came into the arena to take the dragons away.

"Don't worry, there's nothing to see here, it's all under control," Sparx called up to the unruly crowds. "And allow me to entertain you with the healing power of love while we wait. Um, er, uh, swing lowâ€| I don't hear you, come onâ€| swing low, sweet- What's the matter with you all?"

"You stink!" a voice rang out and a cannonball was shot out, barely missing the dragonfly.

"Whoa, tough crowd," Bloodwolf grunted.

Troy was about to nod in agreement, when he felt sleepy and let out a groan.

"Hey, kid, you alright?" Bloodwolf asked, noticing Troy. "Kid?"

But Troy didn't hear him as he fainted to the floorâ€|

* * *

><p>Slowly Spyro awoke and found himself back in the Dream Realm. This time, he could see some dust being blown past him. He flew down to the platform where the Elemental Pool was, the entrance blocked by a green barrier, and looked into the water.</p>

"You and your friends have come far, young dragon," the Chronicler said proudly.

"What?" Spyro asked confused. "Ignitus said you would help, but you've only led us on a path to nowhere."

"Our path through life is not always the path we choose," the elderly voice replied mysteriously. "Sometimes our paths are chosen for usâ€| and it is our destiny to follow themâ€| wherever they may lead."

Spyro shook his head at his riddle and climbed onto the pedestal. He closed his eyes and felt a strange feeling rumbling through his veins as the Chronicler spoke, "Be steady, Spyro, and use the power of the earth to feel your way."

Spyro focused his energy and felt the ground shake beneath his feet. Then he unleashed a powerful tremor across the platform, shattering the barrier. As he shook himself off, the Chronicler finished, "The power of Earth and nature is a mighty one, for as the earth moves, so does everything in it. Be mindful as you wield it."

Spyro set off along the platforms to practice his Earth attacks. On the first platform, he shot out a glowing green orb at the end of a chain from his mouth and swung his head around, bashing the soldiers away. On the next one, he jumped into the air and hit with the ground with bone-juddering force to knock more soldiers into the air for combo moves.

At the next one, he found several boulders which he broke through with his Earth Flail to reveal four orbs in a circle, which he activated by standing in the middle and swinging his Flail around quickly. The last soldiers were dealt with several attacks before getting vanquished with the ground-shaking Earth Fury. Soon he reached the Dream Temple and sat down to wait for Astralâ€|

* * *

><p>At the same timeâ€|

Astral wasn't at all surprised when she woke up in the Dream Realm. She was somewhat surprised to feel a strange mystic energy around her as she got to her feet. "I wonder what the Chronicler wants to tell me nowâ€|"

She flew down to the next platform where she saw the entrance blocked by a dark-blue barrier. As she approached the Elemental Pool, she suddenly heard a familiar voice in her head. "_Astral, can you hear me?"_

"Troy?" she murmured. "Where are you? I can't see you anywhere."

"_I'm in the Hall of Rider Heroes,"_ Troy explained. _"The Sentinel is teaching me the skill of Telepathic Communication. This way, if we ever get separated, I can still keep in touch with you and vice-versa. Just close your eyes and focus your thoughts on me and you can speak to me."_

"That's pretty weird, but good to hear you again," Astral replied and thought the same response in her mind.

There was a pause before Troy spoke again. _"I have to go now. I need to practice my next two Channeling skills."_

"Okay," she replied. "See you in the real world."

She shook her head and peered down into the Pool.

"I see you've heard from your Rider, Troy," the Chronicler's voice said.

"Yeah," Astral replied bemused. "I don't think I'll ever get used to that."

"Skills involving the mind are quite unusual, young dragoness," the Chronicler replied. "Come up and I'll help you reawaken your next element."

Astral climbed onto the Pool, closed her eyes and felt a strange sensation tingling down her spine and veins as she heard the Chronicler's voice. "Open your mind, Astral, and allow the Psychic powers to flow into your body."

Astral focused her powers and felt the energy flowing out around her before unleashing it outwards, taking down the barrier. As she opened her eyes and panted, she heard the Chronicler speak. "The power of Psychic and telepathy is an unusual one, for only those with the strongest willpower can harness it without consequence. Be mindful as you wield it."

With a nod of understanding, Astral set off along the platforms towards the Temple. On the first platform, Astral grabbed one soldier in a dark-blue beam and sent them back into the others. At the next one, she locked eyes with another soldier, gaining control of its body, and then made him turn round and attack the other soldiers.

At the next area, she discovered a large lake where another human ghost was waiting. This time, she stayed on her side and looked around until she spotted a column on the other side. Thinking quickly, she fired her Psychic Beam at the column and pulled hard, forcing it down onto the lake with a massive splash. That done, Astral flew across the lake then waited until the ghost had crossed the column and disappeared before moving on. Finally, she dealt with the last soldiers with her Psychic Fury that sent them spinning in

the air before flinging them away.

At last, she reached the Temple and found Spyro waiting for her there. They entered the Temple and walked up to the Pool.

"We want to know what's happening," Astral called up.

"Yeah," Spyro agreed. "We've done what you've asked of us and followed your path."

"Yes," the Chronicler replied. "But a time will come when you must choose your own path and you are not ready. Open your eyes."

At once, another vision came before them. They found themselves back at the Well of Souls as several troops of Apes approached the peak from every direction.

"Why are they going towards it?" Spyro asked.

"It is their calling," the Chronicler replied. "The black-hearted creatures of this world cannot resist its temptation. The Well of Souls beckons them as the Night of Eternal Darkness approaches!"

"What is the Night of Eternal Darkness?" Astral asked.

As the Chronicler spoke, they saw the moons drawing closer together. "It is the night when the Celestial Moons come together in a great eclipse that shrouds our world in darkness. The Well of Souls is the pinnacle of its terrible shadow, stirring the spirits of the deceased from their eternal rest and permitting them to roam freely within the halls of the mountain, if only for a short while. And soon, the Night of Eternal Darkness will be upon us! Find me, in the Celestial Caves of the White Isle!"

Then Astral blacked out once more!

* * *

><p>Meanwhile</p>

Troy once again woke up back in the Hall of Rider Heroes, and there was the Sentinel, waiting for him again. "You and your friends have come quite a way, young Rider."

"What do you mean?" Troy yelled, jumping to his feet. "The Chronicler sent us on a journey to find him, but all he's done is got us captured by the Skavengers!"

"Do not blame the Chronicler for your unfortunate turn of events, Troy," the Sentinel retorted. "He was only insuring you three followed the path already chosen for you. In time, you will find a purpose for your capture. For now, you must learn the next powerful skill of your ancestor."

Troy sighed and nodded. "Okay, what is it?"

"Sometimes, in battle, you and your steed will become separated from each other," the Sentinel explained. "That's where this skill comes in: Telepathic Communication. With this skill, you can keep in

contact with your friend and vice-versa. Just clear your mind and focus on your friend's thoughts then you'll find you can add your own thoughts. Try it now; call your friend and tell her what I told you."

Troy closed his eyes and focused on Astral. Soon he heard a slight whisper in his head. "_I wonder what the Chronicler wants to tell me nowâ€|"__

"Astral," he called out. "Can you hear me?"

"_Troy,"__ came the silent response. __"Where are you? I can't see you anywhere."__

"I'm in the Hall of Rider Heroes," he thought aloud. "The Sentinel is teaching me the skill of Telepathic Communication. This way, if we ever get separated, I can still keep in touch with you and vice-versa. Just close your eyes and focus your thoughts on me and you can speak to me."

"_That's pretty weird, but good to hear from you again,"__ Astral replied.

"Very good, young Rider," the Sentinel praised. "But now, you must learn two new Channeling skills, so you'll have to wrap up here."

"I have to go now,"Troy said to Astral. "I need to practice my next two Channeling skills."

"_Okay,"__ Astral answered. __"See you in the real world."__

Then Troy opened his eyes and let out a sigh of fatigue. "Wow that was quite hard."

"Yes," the Sentinel replied. "This power can drain you mentally if you're not careful, so use that skill only in emergencies. But now it's time to learn the next Channeling skills: the Mental Pain Blade and the Seismic Sword. The words to Channel them respectively are _Conveias Psykosis _and _Conveias Terras_."

Over the next hour, Troy practiced these new skills. He found that the Seismic Sword made his weapon hard as stone, allowing him to smash the armour of his enemies. Then he learned that the Mental Pain Blade would give a powerful blast into his foes' minds, confusing them to the point that they could be taken out easily. Soon he was complete.

"Well done, young Rider," the Sentinel said. "Now you must return to your friends."

"Please tell me what's going on," Troy insisted. "I want to know more about the Dark Master and the Dark Lord."

"And you will learn more," the hooded figure replied. "I will tell you all once you reach the Celestial Caves of the White Isleâ€|"__

With those last words, Troy felt himself falling asleep againâ€|

* * *

><p>Troy woke up to find he was back with Bloodwolf in his cell in the Felmuth Arena.<p>

"Welcome back, kid," Bloodwolf said. "What happened back there?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," Troy replied, getting to his feet.

He looked round to see Spyro and Astral also waking up, but before he speak to them, Skabb appeared round the corner. As he ran over, Sniff flew off Skabb's shoulder and into the dragons' cell.

"GET UP, LAZY FOOLS!" the parrot squawked. "It's time to bruise, not time to snooze! Iâ€| you know, I-I can't even look at you two. You disgust me."

"Hey, you and me both, pal-y," Sparx added, reaching a hand to Sniff's back.

"Don't touch me!" Sniff snapped, flying back to Skabb.

"Anyway," Scratch sighed, turning his attention on the humans' cell. "It's your turn to shine in the arena. Your friends will be watching too. To make things interesting, you'll both compete in the same battle."

"ALRIGHT," Sniff cried, flapping his wings eagerly. "Double the chance of PAIN!"

Troy gulped as the Skavengers entered his cell, grabbed him and Bloodwolf and marched them out to the main gate, Sparx buzzing right behind. At the same time, two Skavengers clamped collars around Spyro's and Astral's necks and tied their mouths shut before leading them out after Skabb and his parrots.

* * *

><p>And there I'll stop. My thanks go once again to Casaric for the new skill. Bloodwolf is my own character, I didn't borrow him from anywhere

Next chapter, Troy and Bloodwolf face Ravage Rider and they all find themselves facing an unexpected opponent.

See you around

8. The Unexpected Showdown

On to the next chapter and now the humans go into battle!

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Soâ€| LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!

* * *

><p>Chapter 7: The Unexpected Showdown<p>

Troy and Bloodwolf were given their weapons back, Troy's sword and shield and Bloodwolf's bow and arrows, and taken to the main gate which led into the arena. Again Troy heard the roars of the crowds outside, only now he was the main attraction.

"ARE YOU READY FOR MORE?" Scratch called out.

The audience roared out their response.

"Then without further ado," Scratch announced, "we present two new arrivals in the tournamentâ€| beings never seen since the age of the Dark Lordâ€| "

Troy started at those words. "What?!"

"Please give a haAAArrrrrty welcome toâ€| Troy and Bloodwolf, the HUMANS!"

The gate opened and Troy and Bloodwolf entered the arena. Troy looked round at the cheering crowd before spotting Spyro and Astral with Skabb watching from the main box.

"And their opponent," Scratch continued, "needing little introductionâ€| "

Sniff introduced him anyway. "The captain of crunchâ€| the prince of PAIN himselfâ€| "

"The one and only," Scratch finished, "RAVAGE RIDER!"

From out of the sky, a large vessel swooped into the arena. It was a large winged ship with a sinister metal face on the bow, cannons sticking out of the side and rocket packs on its stern. Troy and Bloodwolf drew out their weapons and prepared themselves.

Ravage Rider swooped around the arena, launching cannonballs from its side. As Bloodwolf ran in front of it to attack, the ship launched a blast of fire from its jaws. Just in time, Troy charged in front of his friend and shielded him with his protective cloak before pushing him aside to avoid getting run over.

"Be careful," Troy warned. "These guys mean business."

"I will," Bloodwolf replied. "But how can we stop him?"

Troy watched the ship circling around them. "Of courseâ€| This is like Steam back at Munitions Forge. Come with me."

He then ran to the edge of the moat. Bloodwolf stared at him in shock. "Kid, what are you doing?"

"Just trust me," Troy called. "Come over here."

"Man, you are nuts," Bloodwolf sighed, running up beside him. "Now what?"

"Now we wait until the very last second," Troy replied.

As Bloodwolf watched, Ravage Rider suddenly turned and zoomed forward in an attempt to crush them.

"NOW!" Troy yelled.

The humans quickly jumped out of the way and the ship crashed into the arena wall, sending its pilot falling out.

"Get him quick!" Troy ordered.

As the pilot jumped to his feet, Bloodwolf drew out an arrow and fired it, striking the pilot right in the heart. "Oh yeah!"

"Now to deal with the ship!" Troy quickly climbed aboard Ravage Rider and smashed Draconis's hilt into the controls, making them spark. He leapt out again and seconds later, KABOOOOOM! Ravage Rider was destroyed in a mighty fireball!

The crowd let out a mighty cheer as Troy and Bloodwolf stepped forward and raised their weapons in triumph.

"Quick thinking there, young man," Bloodwolf smirked.

"Good shot, Darrius," Troy beamed back.

"We totally rule!" Sparx crowed as the Skavenger wardens emerged. "Maybe now we can ask for a room upgrade!"

* * *

><p>Troy and Bloodwolf didn't get a room upgrade; they simply had their weapons confiscated again and were then flung back into the same old cell. Spyro and Astral were brought back to their cell too and the wardens left again.<p>

"Can we at least order room service?" Sparx groaned.

Bloodwolf turned to Troy as they got to their feet. "Back at the arena, when that bird mentioned this 'Dark Lord', you looked shocked. Care to explain?"

"It's a long story," Troy replied grimly. "Let's just say that the Dark Lord was bad news then and he'll be even worse news now. But how do the Skavengers know him?"

"Guys," Spyro called out from his cell. "We need to get out of here. Something terrible is about to happen."

"I know," Sparx whined. "If I don't eat anything soon, I'm about to freak out. Hey I got it. Why don't you and Astral shoot some sparkly magic out of your faces and blow the doors open?"

Troy sighed and Bloodwolf rolled his eyes. Just then, Mole-Yair appeared round the corner, carrying two scrolls.

"Spyro, Astral, Troy," he cried. "You are in grave danger! I have a message from another prisoner; here, take it."

He passed one scroll to the dragons and the other to Troy then dashed away again.

"Yahoo! Fan mail," Sparx cheered.

Troy shook his head as he unrolled the scroll, reading the message scrawled on it. "Dear friends, there are whispers going around the ship. Word of your captivity has spread quickly. Many of the prisoners are getting nervous. They say that the Ape King himself has placed a bounty on you three and all of the dragons and Dragon Riders. These are dark timesâ€¦ but know this, you have allies. I look forward to the day when we can meet. Hunter of Avalar._"

"Aw, that was thoughtful," Sparx said softly. "I especially liked the part about the danger and the dark timesâ€¦"

"We got the same thing on our scroll too," Astral called out.

"I wonder who this Hunter guy is," Spyro whispered.

"Must be someone pretty brave, or pretty stupid, if he wants to join forces with you," Bloodwolf replied.

"Well, I hope we meet him soon," Troy said. "Something tells me we might need him."

Just then, footsteps rang out across the passageway. Astral quickly destroyed her scroll with her flames while Troy stuffed his into his pocket, just as a Skavenger warden appeared.

"It's show time," he snarled. "The boss wants to see the three of you in the arena."

"What for?" Troy asked.

"I don't know," the pirate shrugged as he and two other wardens opened his and the dragons' cell. "But I think it's for something importantâ€¦"

The Skavenger grabbed Troy and shoved him out of the cell while the others dragged Spyro and Astral out too. Bloodwolf stood up to follow, but the pirate simply shoved him back in. "Not you, beardy. You're not as special as these three."

"Don't worry, Bloodwolf," Troy called over his shoulder as he was marched after the dragons. "We'll come back for you!"

"I'm holding you to that promise," Bloodwolf called back.

* * *

><p>As Troy and the dragons were marched up to the main gate, the Rider couldn't help but notice the feeling of intensity in the crowds. He placed a hand over the hilt of his returned sword and braced himself.<p>

"Guests of the arena," Scratch called out. "We have exciting news for you concerning three of our combatants. Shall we let them out?"

The gate opened and Troy, Spyro and Astral made their way into the centre of the ring.

"There is a rumour going around that these dragons and the human may be of great importance," Scratch continued. "What say you, fighters? What greatness can you offer?"

"The only thing great you're going to show us is great PAIN!" Sniff yelled in anticipation.

"Bring out THE EXECUTIONER!" Scratch yelled.

The opposite gate swung open, allowing a huge being to stomp out. It was dressed in bronze armour and carried a large sword and shield in his hands. He raised his sword and let out a booming laugh.

"This can't be good," Spyro murmured as they narrowly missed a swipe from the figure's sword.

"Don't worry," Troy whispered. "I have an idea. You guys got some of your powers back from the Chronicler, right?"

"Yeah," Astral replied. "I relearned Psychic and Spyro got his Earth powers."

"Perfect. Astral, you get rid of his sword. I'll deal with the shield, and Spyro, you finish him off."

"Sounds good," Astral said. "Let's do this!"

At once, the group separated around the Executioner. Astral leapt into the air and launched a Psychic Beam down on the sword, yanking it out of the gigantic gladiator's grip. Then Troy focused his energy and cried out, "Conveias Terras!" His sword shimmered and became like rock and he swung it out into the Executioner's shield, smashing it into tiny pieces. Then Spyro launched an Earth Flail from his mouth and swung it out into the Executioner's chest, knocking him backwards into the poisonous moat, where his heavy armour made him sink beneath the water's surface.

The crowd let out a gasp of amazement which quickly turned into cheers of excitement as the trio regrouped.

"We did it!" Spyro shouted.

"Good plan, Troy," Astral agreed.

"Thank you, guys," Troy beamed.

"Well, well," Scratch stated with admiration. "It appears we are amongst greatness. These three contenders have defeated everything we've thrown at them." The crowd began to murmur their disapproval when Scratch suddenly announced, "But fret not, oh faithful fans. Tonight, we have a special bonus match!"

"Cool, a bonus match," Sparx cheered, and received a glare from his friends.

"Spyro and Astral the Dragons and Troy the Dragon Rider versusâ€| " Scratch announced. "The former queen of conquer herselfâ€|

CYNDER!"

Troy and the dragons let out a gasp of horror as the opposite gate opened and out stepped a familiar black dragoness with a red underbelly and a blade on the end of her tail.

"I don't believe it," Astral breathed.

"It is Cynder!" Troy cried.

"AAARRRGH!" Sparx yelled. "I told you guys she was evil. Look, my eye's twitching again!"

The crowd let out another loud cheer as Spyro, Astral, Troy and Cynder began to circle each other.

"Just like old times, huh, guys?" Cynder called out.

"Cynder, we're not going to fight you," Spyro said worriedly.

"Relax," the black dragoness whispered. "I'm just trying to put on a show for the crowd while I figure out what to do!"

"Don't trust her, guys," Sparx retorted. "She just wants to eat me!"

With that, Cynder jumped forward and swung her tail-blade out. Troy raised his shield and blocked the attack. Spyro and Astral prepared to 'fight back' when suddenly a loud explosion rocked the arena. As a cloud of dust blew up, Troy heard some loud screeching overhead, mingling with the screams of the crowd.

"W-What's happening?" Astral cried as she and Spyro coughed on the dust.

"Those are Dreadwings," Troy gasped, spotting some familiar bat-like monsters swooping out of the sky. "The Ape King's forces have found us!"

"I want out! I want out!" Sparx cried, zooming towards the gate. Just then, a Dreadwing landed in front of him and shrieked, causing the dragonfly to fly in the opposite direction. "I want in! I want in!"

The group looked around in confusion for a way out when a loud yell attracted their attention. "Get away from me! Help!"

They ran forward in time to see another Dreadwing taking to the air with the black dragoness gripped in its claws.

"CYNDER!" Spyro screamed.

"The dust is too thick to chase after her!" Astral cried.

"Guys, this way," Sparx called out from behind them. "There's an opening!"

With a final glance up at the sky, Troy, Spyro and Astral set off out of the arena!

* * *

><p>And another good place to stop. Now things get interesting.

Next chapter, Troy and the dragons rescue the other prisoners and face off against the fearsome Skabb.

See you around

9. Escape from Felmuth

Here we are again and our heroes have a great escape to have with some pirates thrown in as well.

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So now let's get going!

* * *

><p>Chapter 8: Escape from Felmuth<p>

Spyro, Troy and Astral ran through the main gate and bumped into some Skavenger wardens, who tried to grab them. Spyro knocked them in the air with Earth Pound and Astral dealt with them using Leaf Shadow. Realizing the way to the cells was locked, the group set off down the only open door and entered a room with a long corridor.

As they ran down, they discovered the exit was blocked by debris. Luckily Astral discovered a barrel of dynamite nearby, so she and Troy pushed it to the blocked door, Spyro lit the fuse and they ran behind some crates for safety. Moments later, KABOOOOM! The dynamite exploded and the way was clear.

Troy and the dragons raced through the doorâ€| and almost fell down the hole in the floor! The dragons spread their wings and Astral grabbed Troy as they glided back to a remaining piece of the floor and peered through the hole to assess their situation. They could see clouds and Dreadwings flying past and the ocean far below, which meant, Troy realized, the ship was high in the sky!

"I think things just got more complicated," the Rider sighed.

"Oh good," Sparx moaned. "I was afraid that escaping the burning ship would be too easy."

Troy climbed onto Astral's back and they flew across the hole to the door on the other side. As they landed and dashed through into the other side of the passage, they spotted a lever and Troy pulled it, causing the gates blocking the cells to open. Dealing with any Skavenger they ran into, they entered the cells and found Mole-Yair standing by a locked cell full of Manweersmalls.

"Mole-Yair, the ship's under attack," Spyro called out. "We have to

get off this thing!"

The Manweersmall leader let out a yelp of despair. "Spyro, Troy, Astral, please help me! My people are trapped in this prison cell and the chamber gates are locked!"

"There should be a switch on the upper deck, through that door on the left," Bloodwolf called out from his cell. "You guys need to find a way to activate it and open the cells."

"Okay, sit tight," Troy cried. "We'll come back for you."

He and the dragons ran through the door and rode the lift there up to an area above. There they found a series of pipes shooting out steam. Troy ran up to the boiler and cursed. "I don't see a switch here!"

"Troy, look at this." Astral pointed at the three main valves and Troy saw some crates sitting a few feet from the steaming pipes. "If we push those crates against the steam and hold them there, it might overload the boiler holding the chamber gates."

"Worth a try," Troy nodded. "Let's go!"

They each ran up to a crate and shoved it towards the valves. Troy got pushed back a little by the steam, but kept pushing until his crate hit the pipe and he braced himself. As the dragons pushed their crates over the valves, the pressure in the pipes increased until the boiler finally exploded in a burst of steam.

Down below, Troy could hear the cell gates sliding open and the ragged cheer from the prisoners below. He and the dragons went back down and saw a rag-tag band of prisoners running towards the lifeboats; among them, three Atlawa and all the Manweersmalls.

"Come on, everyone," Bloodwolf yelled. "Let's get to the lifeboats."

With another cheer, the prisoners followed Troy and the dragons back down the passage.

Soon they reached the boats and all climbed aboard to make their escape.

Spyro and Astral both helped the Manweersmalls climb on to one. "Okay, *Merci mon freres*," Spyro told the leader. "Now get as far away from here as you can."

"Oh, *merci mon freres*," Mole-Yair smiled. "Thank you very much. I hope we can meet again someday, under better circumstances, hmm?"

Spyro and his friends nodded as the little boat floated into the air and flew away. "Good luck, Mole-Yair," Astral called out.

Meanwhile, Troy was giving his farewells to Bloodwolf. "Listen carefully," the young Rider explained as he returned his bow to Bloodwolf. "Take this boat and head for the mainland. Look for a large Temple and you'll meet a dragon named Ignitus. Tell him I sent you; he'll understand!"

"Thank you, my friend," Bloodwolf grunted kindly. "You have saved my life today. I'll never forget what you've done for me."

Troy smiled and waved goodbye as Bloodwolf's boat floated up and flew off into the sky.

As he rejoined his friends, Sparx then spoke up. "Hey! Those guys just gave me an idea; why don't we get off the burning boat?"

"Not yet," Spyro replied.

"WHAT?" Sparx yelled.

"We need a map to a place called the White Isle," Astral explained.

"And I think I know where we can find one," Troy added thoughtfully. "Skabb's cabin!"

"You know I hate you guys now, right?" Sparx sulked.

They set off back up the passageway to the Arena main gate. Troy guessed that the Captain's cabin would be on the other side, but he didn't want to go through all the mess there. So Spyro decided that they should get out of the cells by another route and go around the Arena until they found the cabin.

With that decided, they found another lift and rode up to the upper deck. After defeating another horde of Skavengers, they looked around for a way round the Arena, but it was so closely packed to the ship that the walls were actually embracing the edge of the ship. So Astral decided to climb up to the masts and cross to the other side from there.

They took the lift up to the crow's nest and glided over the sails to the other side. As they landed by the Arena entrance, they spotted a doorway beneath the wheel, but then a massive army of Skavengers, led by three Commanders, jumped down from some nearby lifeboats, cutlasses drawn.

"Yikes!" Sparx gulped.

"Looks like we've got a fight on our hands," Astral growled.

"Then let's scuttle these scurvy dogs," Troy yelled, drawing his sword out. And they charged into the fray.

As a Skavenger Leader swung his cutlass out at Astral, she took over his movements with Telekinetic Control and sent him into his own men. Spyro knocked some Skavengers flying with Icicle Tail and Earth Flail, before charging into a second Medium one with Comet Dash.

Troy meanwhile focused his energy. "Conveias Infernus!" His sword caught fire and he smashed it onto the deck, sending a wave of flames out under the Skavengers' feet, making them jump back in pain. Taking advantage, Troy charged in and took them out.

More Skavengers charged out of the arena to attack, but then

Dreadwings swooped out of the sky and dropped more bombs, taking them out. Troy smashed the lock on the door with his sword, and he, Sparx and the dragons entered the cabin. They stared in amazement at the piles of gold and jewels spread out in the burning room.

"Whoa," Spyro breathed. "Look at all this stuff."

"For being a bunch of rotten twisters, Skabb and his pets sure make a lot of money on these tournaments," Astral agreed.

"Oh sure, take your time," Sparx remarked sarcastically. "Look around. It's not as if we're about to plummet to our DEATHS in a heap of FLAMING-"

"All right, you've made your point," Troy interrupted. "Let's just find the map and get out of here."

"One step ahead of you guys," Sparx replied.

They approached a large desk with a bunch of maps on it. But as Troy found the one they needed, they heard a loud gurgling snarl behind them. They spun round to find Skabb and his parrot sidekicks standing in the doorway.

"Well, well," Scratch drawled. "If it isn't the purple menace and his friends! We hope you weren't thinking of leaving."

"Yeah," Sniff scowled. "We've got a score to settle with you, chumps!"

"Hey, who are you calling chumps?" Sparx shouted.

"YOU, FOOL, YOU!" Sniff retorted.

"It's astounding," Scratch sighed dramatically. "The amount of trouble you three have managed to cause."

"You've only brought this on yourself," Astral countered.

"Yeah," Troy agreed. "You knew the Ape King was looking for us, but you didn't think of the consequences of keeping us here."

"But now you're facing them firsthand," Spyro finished.

Sniff scowled and looked down at Skabb. "Are you going to let them talk to you like that, doodle-brain?"

The Skavenger Captain gave a confused look and then nodded, making Troy and his friends chuckle.

"Shut up, fool!" Sniff yelled. "Fire the cannon!"

Skabb raised his hook and shot it out like a harpoon, narrowly missing Troy and the dragons but smashing the desk, sending the maps fluttering into the flames. As Skabb retracted it back, Troy drew out his sword and charged forward, locking weapons with Skabb. For a moment, they clashed swords until Skabb raised his hook and swiped Troy aside.

With a growl, the Skavenger Captain launched the hook again but this

time Astral leapt up, grabbed it in midair and tugged on the rope, sending Skabb sprawling forwards. Spyro then charged forward and swung out his Earth Flail, throwing Skabb backward.

With a loud roar, Skabb jumped to his feet then reached down and yanked off his metal leg, revealing a handheld, miniature cannon. Quickly Troy, Spyro and Astral jumped to the sides as a volley of cannonballs were launched. Acting quickly, Astral used her Leaf Shadow to draw Skabb's fire away from her friends. As Skabb turned to shoot the strange shade of leaves, Troy charged into him with his shield and Spyro added a Comet Dash for good measure.

Battered, bruised and burned, Skabb raised his cannon and shot a cannonball out the window, smashing the glass.

"This is where we part ways," Scratch declared.

"So long, CHUMPS!" Sniff yelled.

Skabb reattached his leg, pushed past Troy and his friends and jumped through the window. But just before he could fall, Scratch and Sniff grabbed his shoulders and somehow managed to carry him away.

"What theâ€¢?" Spyro gaped.

"How is that even possible?" Astral cried.

"We can't just let them get away," Sparx yelled. "We're going after them aren't we?" Troy, Spyro and Astral gave him strange looks and he realized what he said. "Wait did I say that out loud?"

"Yes," Troy replied, leaping onto Astral's back. "And he's right. I've got some questions to ask and Skabb and his pets are the only ones with the answers. Come on!"

And they leaped out the window in pursuit.

* * *

><p>And I'll stop there. Hope you guys are enjoying the story so far.

Next chapter, a chase through the Skavengers' fleet and the final round of the battle with Skabb.

See you round

10. Fights in the Fleet

Welcome back readers. So now the concluding part of the Skavenger adventure.

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So let's continue.

* * *

><p>Chapter 9: Fights in the Fleet<p>

Troy, Spyro and Astral set off in pursuit of the escaping Skabb, zooming around the many smaller ships. Just then, two of the ships fired cannonballs at them. Astral and Spyro ducked and weaved around the balls, but when they came out of the fray, Skabb and his birds had disappeared.

"Oh no, we lost them," Astral groaned as they landed on a discarded lifeboat.

"They can't have gotten far," Troy reassured her. "Two little birds can't carry a big guy like Skabb for long. They'll have to stop and rest sometime."

"But how do we find them again?" Spyro asked uncertainly.

"We'll just have to search every ship we can see until we find them," Troy decided. "Come on, let's go."

So they set off, gliding down to every ship, fighting the Skavengers on board and riding lifeboats over to the next ship. But after hours of searching, there was still no sign of Skabb and his parrot lackeys.

"This is hopeless," Astral sighed as they landed on the seventh ship. "Where could those villains be?"

"We can't give up now," Troy retorted. "Scratch knows something about the Dark Lord, and I need to know what."

Suddenly a loud squawk was heard overhead and before Troy could react, he felt something grabbing his shoulders and lifting him off the ship. He looked up to discover he was in the clutches of a Skurvywing!

"Troy!" Astral and Spyro cried in horror. As they prepared to follow, a horde of Skavengers pounced on them.

* * *

><p>As the dragons fought against the Skavengers, Troy was taken to a nearby burning wreck and dropped onto the deck. As he got to his feet, he found himself surrounded by a gang of Skavenger Commanders.<p>

"Well, well, well," the biggest Commander snarled. "The human what caused all this chaosâ€¦ Now we're gonna run ya through!"

"Bring it on, you flea-bitten freebooters!" Troy yelled, pulling his sword out.

With a roar, the Large Skavengers charged forwards. Troy focused his powers and called out, "_Conveias Glacius_!" His sword flashed blue and became as cold as ice. He swung it out and struck the nearest Skavenger, freezing him solid. Then Troy yelled, "_Conveias Phullon_!" His sword glowed green and became like a leaf. As he swung it forward, the Skavengers were covered in a glowing spore that

baffled the pirates before being taken out. Troy then Channeled his Flaming Sword to finish the rest off.

But then the Skurvywing perched in the sails swooped down with a screech and swiped at Troy with its clawed wing, scratching his arm and knocking Draconis out of his hands and onto the far side of the deck. With no way to escape, Troy watched as the mega-bird's rider jumped off his steed.

"Nowhere to run to now, human," the Skavenger snarled, raising his cutlass.

Troy closed his eyes and raised his arms up, expecting the impact of the blade in his chestâ€| but then a loud thud made him look up. The Skavenger let out a gurgle of pain, staggered backwards and then slumped face down on the deck, an arrow in its back.

Troy looked round and saw a familiar figure standing on the other side of the deck, his bow raised. "Nobody hurts my good friend!"

"Bloodwolf!" Troy cried in delight.

"Did you miss me?" the elderly archer beamed, lowering his bow.

"What are you doing here?" Troy asked. "I thought you were heading for the Temple."

"I was, until I saw you chasing Skabb," Bloodwolf replied, handing back Troy's sword. "I thought you might need help, so I turned my boat round and landed on this ship in time to rescue you."

"Thanks for that," Troy beamed. "Now I need to know what happened to Spyro and Astral." He focused his mind until he could hear Astral's thoughts, "Looks like we've found them."

"Astral," he called in his mind. "Can you hear me?"

"Troy! Thank the Ancestors you're safe," Astral replied joyously. "Where are you?"

"I'm on a shipwreck," Troy answered. "Bloodwolf is with me too. He saved me from the Skurvywing. Have you found Skabb?"

"Yes. He and his birds are resting on a crow's nest on top of the last ship," Astral said. "We're going to take him out. Hurry up and help us."

"Right, I'll be there soon," Troy ended the conversation and let out a sigh. "Phewâ€| telepathy really takes it out of youâ€|" He shook his head and turned to Bloodwolf. "Come on, let's get on your boat and find the others!"

"It won't be quick enough," Bloodwolf replied, turning to the confused Skurvywing. "But I think I've found a faster wayâ€|"

* * *

><p>Some distance away, Spyro and Astral were standing on a lifeboat

overlooking the last ship. They'd dealt with the Skavengers that attacked them but were unable to find Troy. Spyro had suggested they keep going so they had travelled across three more ships until they spotted Skabb landing on the last one. Just as they were preparing to go down, Astral heard Troy communicate to her. After she gave him directions, she and Spyro glided down to face the Skavenger Captain.<p>

"Sucka, you just don't know when to quit!" Sniff yelled.

"Then you don't know us very well," Sparx countered. "I quit all the time."

The dragons gave him an irritated glare.

"Sorry, I thought that was gonna sound cooler," Sparx murmured.

"You seem to be missing someone," Scratch noted. "Have you lost your Rider, golden one?"

"How did you know Troy was my Rider?" Astral asked.

"In the same way I know about the Dark Lord," the orange parrot replied. "Because the Skavengers used to be in his service!"

"What?" Astral's jaw dropped.

"He's right, fool," Sniff retorted. "Years ago, Skabb's great-great-great-great-great-grandfather used to serve the Dark Lord. He provided them with the Dreadwings to aid the Ape's battles and bring PAIN to the Dragon Riders."

"When the Dark Lord was defeated," Scratch continued, "the Skavengers fled to the skies and founded this new lease of life! capturing combatants and making them fight each other!"

"Thus making them the legends of Troy's stories," Spyro realized.

"I was quite surprised to discover a Dragon Rider and his steed alive in the Ancient Grove," Scratch admitted. "But it doesn't matter; he is gone and now there's only you two to deal with."

With a snarl, Skabb raised his sword and swung it round, driving Spyro and Astral back.

"AVAST THERE, ME HEARTIES!" a sudden voice rang out from above.
"Prepare to be boarded!"

Skabb, his parrots and the dragons looked up to an incredible sight. A Skurvywing was swooping down towards them and on its back were two humans, one holding a sword aloft, the other holding the reins.

"Troy! And Bloodwolf!" Astral cried out.

Angrily, Sniff scrambled to the chest on Skabb's back and flung it open, revealing a cannon hidden inside. He grabbed the fuse and pulled, firing three cannonballs at the bird.

"Barrel-roll, Darrius!" Troy yelled. Bloodwolf pulled on the reins, making the Skurvywing spin in the air to dodge the cannonballs.

As Sniff prepared to fire again, Astral fired a Plant Bomb into the cannon's muzzle and the vines blocked it. Spyro then swung his Earth Flail out and knocked the cannon off Skabb's back.

With a roar, Skabb raised his cutlass and summoned a great power into the blade, making it glow purple. Then he slammed it into the floor, sending a series of shockwaves out. Spyro and Astral jumped up, dodging the attacks.

"Get that bird close to the ground," Troy ordered. "I'll take it from here!"

"Watch yourself, kid," Bloodwolf warned, bringing the Skurvywing down.

As Troy leapt off the bird, he focused his energy and cried out, "Conveias Psykosis!"

His own sword, Draconis, glowed with an eerie blue light and he swung it out, sending a wave of energy into Skabb's chest. As the energies surged through the Skavenger's tiny brain, he groaned and staggered backwards, onto the plank sticking out of the side. He shook his head to clear his mind, but the action made him lose his balance and he fell off the plank with a scream and disappeared over the edge into the ocean below.

Nearby, Scratch and Sniff perched on the nest's rim and glowered at the group.

"That ain't nothing," Sniff yelled. "We don't need him to take out these punks! I pity the fool that messes with us! Welcome to the world of hurt!"

But while Sniff was psyching himself up, he couldn't see that Sparx's hackles beginning to rise, his eye twitching, until he raised his little fist and punched the purple bird right up his beak, making him spin round and fall to the ground in a faint.

"HOOOO-aah!" Sparx cried. "That felt good!"

Scratch let out a squawk of alarm and he grabbed Sniff in his claws and took to the skies.

"Guess he didn't want to stick around," Troy smiled.

"Whoa," Bloodwolf said, landing his Skurvywing nearby. "Remind not to get on that little guy's bad side!"

"He did say how much he hated those birds," Astral recalled. "Looks like he found his opportunity for payback."

"Right," Bloodwolf called out. "I'm off to the Temple. Are you guys coming with?"

"Not yet," Spyro replied. "We're actually on a mission of our own, looking for the Chronicler. After that, I'm not sure!"

"I understand," Bloodwolf nodded.

"Hey listen," Troy said, climbing onto Astral's back. "You handled that Skurvywing quite well. When you get to the Temple, talk to my brother, Orion. I'm sure he'll accept you into the Dragon Riders."

"It would be an honour, kid," Bloodwolf replied. "I hope we'll meet again soon."

With a nod, Troy, Spyro and Astral took to the air and set off towards the setting sun, while Bloodwolf flew off on his Skurvywing in the direction of the mainlandâ€|

* * *

><p>Some distance away from the fleet, the group was making good progress towards the White Isle. Astral explained to Troy what Scratch had told her about the Skavengers' involvement with the Dark Lord while Sparx was still psyched up about his punch-up with Sniff.</p>

"Did-did you see me back there?" he called out, buzzing around Spyro's head. "I was like BAM! And he was all OOF! Anâ€| which reminds me, where are we going?"

"I didn't get a very long look at the map before it was destroyed," Troy admitted. "But there's got to be some sort of landmark somewhere."

"We'll just have to keep a lookout, that's all," Spyro added.

"Oh sure," Sparx said sarcastically. "I'll just keep my eyes peeled for the big flashing sign that says SPOOKY MOON TEMPLE."

As Astral rolled her eyes, she suddenly saw that Spyro's own eyes were glazing over and then his wings stopped flapping and he tumbled out of the sky.

"SPYRO!" Astral cried.

"Oh no," Sparx yelled. "Please tell me you're just pulling over to go to the bathroomâ€|"

"Troy, he's falling! We have to-" She suddenly felt Troy slump forward in his saddle and realized he must have fainted too.

Thinking fast, she folded her wings back and swooped down to catch up to Spyro. Just as the ocean came into sight, she spotted him and grabbed him in her claws, but she couldn't stop herself quickly enough and they crashed into the water with a mighty SPLASH.

As they sank beneath the waves, Astral tried to pull them back to the surface, kicking her legs and flapping her wings, but she was too heavily burdened. She resigned herself to her fate, but then she hit land underneath her legs and suddenly she was lifted up, up, upâ€| and her head broke the surface. She let in a gasp of air and then she realized what had happened â€" she was on the back of a giant Leviathan!

"Of course," she remembered as she let Troy slide off her back. "These creatures know the secret placesâ€| Hey, Sparx! Can you tell him to take us to the White Isle?"

"One step ahead of you, Astral," the dragonfly replied. As he flew towards the sea creature's head, Astral felt her eyes get heavy then she fell asleep tooâ€|

* * *

><p>Once again, Spyro woke up to the Dream Realm, but as he glided down to the Elemental Pool, this one blocked by a yellow barrier, a shiver ran down his spine. "Something's not right," he murmured then he called out, "Why is so dark here?" When there was no reply, he shouted out, "Can you hear me? Is anyone there? I want to know what's happened to Cynder!"</p>

At once, a bolt of lightning struck the wall above him and then the Chronicler answered, "A flash of lightning is born of the sky and its tempers, young dragon. You must learn to control your emotions if you are to tame the free spirit of Electricity."

Spyro sighed and climbed on to the pedestal. As he closed his eyes, he felt a strange feeling like static electricity through his veins as the Chronicler spoke. "Surrender to its erratic nature. Allow its energy to charge through your body and anticipate its movements then UNLEASH itâ€| willingly."

Spyro focused his energy and felt the electricity sparking from his body and shoot out across the platform, taking out the barrier. As he shivered with the feeling, the Chronicler finished, "This power is accentuated by your impulsive nature. Trust your instincts, Spyro."

Spyro set off again along the platforms to learn his new elemental powers. At the first platform, he fired a glowing yellow orb at the soldiers' feet which quickly exploded and sent them flying. On the next one, he spun around on his tail, shooting electricity out of his body, and charged into the next soldiers. Afterwards, he came across some crystal orbs built into the floor and he powered them up with his Electric Orbs to open a door before finishing off the soldiers with his Electric Fury.

Soon he arrived at the entryway to the Dream Temple, where he sat down and waited for Astralâ€|

* * *

><p>Meanwhile, in the Hall of Rider Heroesâ€|

Troy woke up and got to his feet, finding himself back in the training grounds of his dreams. Then he spotted the Sentinel standing by the statue of Trafalgar. "You're making good progress, young Rider. Thanks to the Turtle Whale, you and your friends are now approaching the White Isle."

"Sentinel, Skabb's parrots told me they used to work for the Dark Lord," Troy asked. "And they provided the Apes with Dreadwingsâ€| Was that true?"

"Sadly, yes." The Sentinel bowed his hooded head. "In time, Trafalgar was able to thwart the pirates' plan, but the deed was already done. Our race was decimated by the Apes' new steeds and by the time Trafalgar was able to defeat the Dark Lord, there were only a handful of us left."

Troy sighed and bowed his head, but the Sentinel's next speech was more cheerful. "But now, you've managed to restore the balance between humans and dragons. Now you are ready for Trafalgar's ultimate skill—the Blade of Divine Might!"

"Wow," Troy breathed and he drew out his sword and focused. "What do I do?"

"Just focus your mind and feel the purity of your heart," the Sentinel's voice whispered. "Then when you're ready, call out: Draconis Divinus."

After a few attempts, Troy finally felt the power and called out, "Draconis Divinus!"

As he opened his eyes, he saw that his blade was glowing with a mighty purple light.

"Excellent work, Troy," the Sentinel praised. "You truly have the spirit of Trafalgar. Now you must put this skill into practice."

Troy was soon surrounded by statues, but he listened to the Sentinel's words. "Your normal attack is the Divine Slash. It's ten times more powerful than your normal attacks."

With a nod, Troy swung his blade out and took down the statues. Then another statue appeared, this one three times bigger than the normal statues. "That enemy is too powerful for even the Divine Slash," the Sentinel warned. "But that doesn't mean it's invincible. Point out your sword and give out the words: Divine Beam!"

Troy pointed his sword forward, braced himself and yelled out, "Divine Beam!" At once, a beam of purple energy shot out of the tip of the sword, obliterating the giant statue.

"Excellent work, young Rider," the Sentinel praised as the sword faded back to normal. "You have mastered the Blade of Divine Might. But take heed: the powers of Divine Might are not to be taken lightly. So use it only in the most extreme emergencies."

"I understand," Troy replied.

"Good. Now you should learn the last two Channeling skills: the Lightning Blade and the Tsunami Sword. The words to Channel them are Conveias Electrus and Conveias Aqueous."

Troy practiced these new skills and found that the Lightning Blade could send a powerful jolt through any enemy that could sometimes spread to other enemies nearby, and that the Tsunami Sword could blast enemies back with a surge of water. Soon he had mastered the skills.

"Well done, young Rider," the Sentinel spoke. "Now you must return to your world and prepare yourself."

"Are you going to tell me who you are yet?" Troy asked.

"Not yet," the Sentinel replied. "When you and the Chronicler meet face to face, then I will reveal myself."

Then Troy felt himself blacking out once moreâ€¦

* * *

><p>At the same timeâ€¦

When Astral woke up in the Dream Realm, she glided down to the Elemental Pool and saw the exit block by a watery barrier. She felt a chill in her scales as rain began to fall on her. "Weird," she murmured then she called out, "Chronicler, are you there? Are we getting close? Please tell me if Cynder's going to be alright."

From behind the wall came a crashing sound and a spray of water shot up as the Chronicler spoke, "The most powerful ocean waves are created by the gentlest breeze, young dragoness. You must learn to focus your soul if you are to control the unstable spirit of Water."

Astral nodded in understanding and climbed onto the Pool. As she closed her eyes, she felt a cool feeling like the ocean that earlier threatened to drown her flowing through her as the Chronicler continued, "Surrender to its various moods. Allow its currents to ebb and flow through your body and brace yourself against the tide then UNLEASH itâ€¦ gracefully."

She focused her energy and felt the water rising around her and growing in power then she let it loose, crashing through the like a dam bursting its banks. As she shook her body down, the Chronicler concluded, "This power is accentuated by your relaxed nature. Trust your instincts, Astral."

Astral set off along the platforms once more. She knocked down the first horde of soldiers with a powerful jet of water. Then she summoned water around her body and charged at the second horde, taking the out. Her journey was barred by a force field but she discovered some vases that she filled with water and activated the switches underneath to power down the force field. The last horde of soldiers was washed away by Astral's Water Fury.

She arrived at the Dream Temple and found Spyro waiting for her. As they entered, he called out, "Okay, we've completed your tests. What do we do next?"

"How do we find you?" Astral added. "Are you there?"

But there was no reply.

"Chronicler, where are you?" Astral cried.

"Great," Spyro sighed. "Now the voice in our heads is ignoring usâ€¦"

"Well, the Pool of Visions is over there," Astral decided. "Maybe we'll just take a peek!"

They climbed up to the Pool and looked down and another vision appeared. They saw a massive hallway carved from the mountain with a long beam of energy pouring in the middle. But their attention was drawn to the Ape King sitting on a throne nearby and the Ape Commander dragging Cynder toward him on a chain. The massive Ape glowered down at her. "So! the traitor returns!"

"You can't go through with this, Gaul," Cynder yelled, pulling at her leash.

Gaul let out a deep chuckle. "Nothing can prevent this. We are merely here to welcome our Masters back in the Realms and join them at their sides! but fear not, Cynder. You've been such a faithful servant that I'm sure they'll take you back... and if you refuse, then you'll have the honour of being the first to perish at their hands."

Cynder let out a growl of anger as Gaul got to his feet and announced to the Apes around him, "Long have we waited! long have we suffered! but soon our Masters will return! and their coming shall bring forth a new age of power for the Apes! and we shall have our revenge!"

As the Apes let out a cheer, Astral blacked out for the last time!

* * *

><p>And there I'll stop. Did you notice the change I made to the order of dreams? I thought I'd end at Gaul's speech for effect.

Next chapter, Troy, Spyro and Astral arrive at the White Isle and face a series of challenges to prove their worth. Speaking of which, should Troy help Astral in her trials or should he face his own tests? Let me know and I'll put it in the next chapter.

See you then

11. The Riddles of the White Isle

Here we are at Chapter 10. So now the real challenge begins for our heroes. I'm sorry for the delay in this chapter; a lot of things had been going on and I was unable to continue my story but now I'm back with this next chapter.

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So now the story continues.

* * *

><p>Chapter 10: The Riddles of the White Isle<p>

Troy awoke to a strange bellowing roar. As he got up, he found himself lying on a green island. As he sat up, he looked up at the sky. Night had fallen and he could see the moons were touching tip to tip. He then spotted Sparx flapping towards him.

"Oh, good, someone's awake," Sparx called.

"What's going on?" Troy muttered.

"Where do I start?" Sparx replied. "You and Spyro went back into your weird dream world in midair and you and Astral fell into the ocean. Then this big thing surfaced with you guys on its back and Astral got it to take us to that spooky temple place."

As Troy got to his feet, he heard the bellow again and he looked round just as a massive creamy white head came into view. Troy jumped back in shock then he stared in amazement. "Wait a minute. Is thatâ€¢ a Leviathan?" He immediately recognized it as the same creature he saw when they'd been travelling to Dante's Freezer.

Before Sparx could reply, the sky suddenly disappeared behind a rocky tunnel. "Looks like we're nearing land," Troy assumed.

After a few more minutes of travel, the Leviathan stopped by the edge of a cliff. Troy picked up Spyro first and carried him off the Leviathan then dragged Astral off with much more effort. Once they were all on shore, the Leviathan gave another roar, turned around and swam back the way it had come.

"Thanks you!" Troy called out.

"Goodbye, freaky little turtle-monster," Sparx added, waving the creature off. "Goodbye, goodbye, thanks for everything!"

Just then, Troy heard Spyro and Astral groaning behind them and he went up to their side. "Are you alright?"

"I think so," Astral replied, getting to her feet.

"What happened?" Spyro murmured.

"Well, let's see," Sparx wondered aloud. "You and your friends have been hearing voices in your heads and have led us all over the placeâ€¢ which is good because we're having so much fun. And now we're stranded on an enchanted island and I just can't wait to see what happens next!"

The group set off up a sandy dune and soon spotted a cave in the side of a glowing white mountain. Blue lights illuminated the whole area and books and scrolls were scattered everywhere.

"Wait," Astral whispered somberly. "I think we're hereâ€¢!"

"Oh goody," Sparx moaned.

"So now, we'll meet the Chronicler and the Sentinel face to face," Troy pondered. "Come on, let's get going."

They set off into the caverns, facing off against the soldiers that Spyro and Astral met in their dreams. Soon they passed through a

marble hallway and came out in a great arena with two huge dragon statues watching over a massive temple next to two separate doors. Dotted alongside the front of the doors were eight empty holes. As they approached the temple, a sudden whispered voice rang out across the grounds:

_ "Sacred Threshold, Hallowed Groundâ€| Pathways Unfold, Lost is Foundâ€| Prove your Worth with Quick Desireâ€| Ice and Earth, Electric, Fireâ€| Two must Unite to Complete this Trickâ€| Water, Plant, Fire, Psychicâ€|_ "

"What theâ€|?" Sparx cried out. "Now I'm hearing voicesâ€|"

"'Prove your worth with quick desire'?" Astral repeated puzzled.

"'Two must unite to complete this trick'?" Spyro added equally confused.

"What does that mean?" Troy wondered out loud.

"How the heck should I know?" Sparx said crossly. "Wait, I'm getting an ideaâ€| nope, nope, nopeâ€| yea- nopeâ€| Sorry, I lost it. I got nothing."

"We must have missed something," Spyro decided. "Come on, let's look aroundâ€|"

Just then, several strange creatures emerged from the temple. They looked like crystal balls on mechanical legs. As the group watched, they did somersaults and flew over their heads before landed and signaling with their legs.

"Looks like they're asking for a fight," Astral gawped.

"Well, let's not disappoint them," Troy cried, pulling out his sword.

They charged forward and tackled the crystal balls. After a while, Troy managed to defeat one of the creatures and suddenly its legs retracted, making a proper ball. On a whim, he kicked it towards one of the holes where it rolled in and stuck.

"Hey guys," he called to the dragons. "Those things form those crystal switches. Once they're defeated, push them into the holes!"

Spyro and Astral managed to defeat two and rolled them into the holes. Soon, they had taken out five others and got them into the other holes.

"Great work, guys," Sparx buzzed, unimpressed. "So, what next?"

"Well, these switches were activated by our breaths," Astral recalled. "So we just use our elements to-"

"Wait a second." Troy held her back. "The voice named the elements in a certain order. Spyro, use your Ice breath on the first switch, then Earth, Electricity and Fire."

Spyro did exactly that and the first door opened so he and Sparx entered. Troy and Astral made to follow, but suddenly a beam of energy shot out from one of the statues' eye and struck them in their chests, driving them back.

"Astral, Troy, are you alright?" Spyro called out.

"A bit winded, but we're fine," Troy replied. "Just go on ahead. We'll find our own way in."

"Okay, good luck," Spyro replied. Then he and Sparx set off down the passage.

"Guess I'll have to do my elements on the other orbs," Astral groaned.

"Remember, it's Water, then Plant, Fire and lastly Psychic," Troy told her.

Astral activated the switches in the correct order and the second door opened. They entered and found themselves in a long passage lit up with candles. A book hovered over their heads, flapping open and shut like a butterfly's wings. As Troy and Astral approached, the book floated down the passageway and they followed it into a large room with four glowing doorways, each with a different colour, and a larger door on the other side.

Astral walked up to one door and peered in. "It feels hot in this one," she murmured. Then she went up to the second one. "And I hear the wind blowing through the trees here!"

Troy was examining the other two doors. "This one has a strange energy and I can hear the ocean in the other! I think these rooms are based on your elements!"

"Of course," Astral breathed. "Fire, Plant, Psychic and Water! We have to complete each of the rooms before we can move ahead!"

"'Two must unite to complete this trick', " Troy recalled the riddle. "I think we'll have to work together to solve these puzzles."

"Sounds good to me, let's go." And with that, they walked into the Fire room.

They found themselves in a large cavern that felt as hot as Boyzitbig was. Immediately, they were attacked by two red Orb Spiders. Astral used an air combo to knock one Spider back into a switch hole and Troy took out the other with his Flaming Sword. Once the switches were prepared, Astral used her Fire Blast on them and opened a door to the rest of the caverns.

Troy and Astral set off along the caves, facing many fiery foes and solving puzzles with Astral's Fire moves. Eventually, they found a tiny button on little legs that kept running off every time they got close to it. Astral used her Dragon Time to slow it down and Troy jumped on it and switched it on, activating a nearby teleport pad which they used to return to the main room.

Their next room, the Plant room, was a cavern with grass underfoot and leafy trees. They battled several plant based enemies, Astral with her Plant attacks and Troy with his Razor Leaf Blade. Then they faced their first obstacle: a field of boulders that blocked the way forward. Astral used her Leaf Shadow to slip round the rocks while Troy climbed over them with some difficulty.

Then after defeating more enemies, they reached a large chasm that Astral flew across then she used Plant Bomb to create a bridge for Troy to cross. Then they found another Button Mite, switched it on and took the teleport back.

In the Psychic room, they faced several enemies in one go, but Astral used her Telekinetic Control to make them fight each other while Troy used his Mental Pain Blade to bewilder some others.

Then they reached another canyon that even Astral couldn't cross, but she used her Psychic Beam to pull down a column and create a bridge for them to cross. Then after they activated two Button Mites, they took the teleport back to the main room.

The last room, the Water room, was flooded up to their waists and they found it tricky to move. The water-based enemies were a bit tricky, but Astral easily took some out with her Water Stream while Troy battled the others with his Tsunami Sword.

Then they reached a door that was locked and found that the switches were on the other side. But Astral soon found a hidden underwater tunnel and used her Tidal Charge to quickly zip through the tunnel to the other side. Then she used her Water Stream to fill some vase switches and open the door for Troy. After finding and activating three Button Mites, they took the teleport back again.

When they got back, they found the larger door was open and they entered into a larger room with three glowing pools in the middleâ€| where they found Spyro and Sparx waiting for them. After swapping stories of their challenges, they prepared to set off again when Troy held up a hand. "Hold on guys," he breathed. "I think we found it."

"You mean, this is where the Chronicler and the Sentinel are waiting for us?" Astral asked.

"Hello," Spyro called out. "Is anyone there?"

"Hey," Sparx cried, putting his hands over Spyro's mouth. "If there is, could weâ€| you knowâ€| not wake it up? Because everything we've met so far has tried to kill usâ€|"

On cue, the mysterious voice spoke again. "Expose your heart to summon ghost, then face alone what you fear most."

"What we fear most?" Troy murmured nervously.

"I knew it," Sparx groaned. "This place wants us dead. We should have turned back while we had the chance."

"We need to do this, Sparx," Spyro retorted.

"Right, I'm not afraid of what this place has to throw at us," Astral agreed.

"I'm with you, guys," Troy nodded. "Let's do it."

"Oh yeah?" Sparx yelled. "Well, go ahead. Expose your hearts and see what happens!"

Troy, Astral and Spyro stepped towards the pools but then Sparx buzzed in front of them, blocking their way. "Wait, don't do it!" he cried out. "You guys can't leave me behind in the wacky moon temple with all the whispering walls and the crawling thingies! They want to make me part of their freak show!"

"Just relax, Sparx," Troy sighed, pushing the dragonfly aside. "We'll be back soonâ€ I hope."

And with that, he and the dragons stepped onto the pools and disappearedâ€

* * *

><p>Spyro's teleporter took him onto a platform high in the clouds. Four orbs hovered around the stage, each glowing with the colour of his elements.<p>

Just then, Spyro heard a familiar shriek and he turned around in shock. A huge dragon stood on the other side of the arena. It looked exactly like Cynder in her corrupted form, except its body was glowing red. With another shriek, it charged at Spyro.

As the bigger dragon swiped out with its claws, Spyro jumped to one side to avoid the attack. Then he went into a Comet Dash and slammed into its side, damaging it. Just as Spyro retaliated into a Fire Stream, its body changed to yellow and this time, the fire didn't harm it.

Spyro quickly learned that the dragon's colour would change based on his elements; blue for Ice and green for Earth. So every time the dragon's colour shifted, he would switch to the corresponding element. The battle went on for a while, but finally the dragon was defeated and Spyro was teleported back to the entrance.

* * *

><p>Astral found herself in a large arena in the center of a massive cave. As she took in her surroundings, she heard some groans behind her. Turning around, she gasped as she saw two bodies lying on the ground; one human and one dragon. "Troy! Spyro!"<p>

As she drew closer, two huge smoky paws emerged from the shadows and slammed down onto the two bodies, lifting them into the air and pulling them into the darkness. Then a monstrous creature materialized in front of her. It was very similar in shape to an Ape Commander, though it looked like it was made from smoke, its red eyes glowing like dying coals.

"It's no use, little dragon," the creature hissed in a sinister growl. "You cannot save your friends. It's just you and me here now!"

With an angry growl, Astral lowered her horns and charged at the creature. But as she hit it, she passed right through like it was a ghost. With an evil laugh, the creature turned and lashed out with its claws, sending her flying across the arena. Astral got to her feet and shot a Fire Stream at it, but again the attack didn't do any damage.

"How noble, but your attacks serve you no purpose," the creature laughed, stomping towards her. "Down here, only darkness will be triumphant!"

Astral's eyes widened as an idea came. "Of course!" With new determination, she got to her feet. "You're wrong! I will be able to beat you! You know why? Because you're not even real! You're just a manifestation of my fears, created as a test by this temple! But whatever you throw at me will never bring me down and I will never fall to you!"

Suddenly, her body began to glow with a brilliant light and the creature flinched in agony. "AARRRGHH! The light! It's too! great!"

"Go back to the shadows where you belong!" With that, Astral fired a powerful beam at the monster, dissolving it into nothing. As the cave lit up with the incredible light, Astral was teleported away!

* * *

><p>Troy opened his eyes and found he was standing in a large darkened chamber lit only by some candles. As he stepped forward, a sudden series of tremors knocked him off his feet. He sat up and saw a massive figure in black armour was stomping towards him. As it reached Troy, it pulled out a dark sword and pointed it at Troy.<p>

"I am the Shadow Knight," the figure boomed out. "My presence is formed by the dark feelings hidden in your soul."

"What kind of dark feelings?" Troy asked as he got to his feet.

"My strength is forged in your fear of losing your friends and family; the sword is crafted by your sharp jealousy for your brother's skills in battle; and my shield is made from your doubt of ever being great." The Shadow Knight let out an earth-shaking laugh. "But my armour is the strongest of all; created through your lack of self-esteem in the face of danger."

"No!" Troy yelled out. "I don't feel any of those emotions!"

"Yes you do," the Knight growled. "You've never told any of your friends, but I know you inside and out."

Giving an angry shout, Troy pulled out his sword and charged at the Knight, swinging with all his might. The Knight just laughed as his blade simply bounced off the armour and then he raised his sword and lashed out. Troy blocked the attack with his shield, but the Knight's sheer strength still pushed him back.

As the fight went on, the Knight continued his speech. "When Cynder

first invaded your home and took your family, you ran and hid rather than face her in battle. When your friend was captured, you were too afraid to even rescue her. When you saw your brother fight well in training, you wished you were as good as he was. And when you believed you were destined for greatness, everybody laughed at you. Admit it, Rider. You don't have what it takes to be a hero."

As the Knight threw Troy to the ground, the young Rider felt his mind filled with the taunts and doubts of his childhood; all the kids laughing at his belief of destiny, the village Elders assuming his mark meant nothing, his own brother telling him not to let greatness go to his head.

But then he heard faint voices growing louder against his doubts until he could hear his friends talking to him: You're already destined for greatness! If we can do that, we can do anything! I couldn't have done it without my dragon friends here! I always knew you were destined for greatness! You really are a valiant warrior! We're a team; I wouldn't get far without you! Now, his courageous spirit lives on in you!_

As the Knight swung his sword down, Troy quickly rolled aside and jumped to his feet. "There's one thing you didn't count on, Shadow Knight. I may not be brave, I do envy my brother's skills and sometimes I do doubt my confidence, but my greatest strength comes from the friendships I made in the Realms. When I had my doubts, my friends were there to believe in me and give me the power I needed to save them. And now with this power, I will be able to vanquish you." With that, he focused his power and called out, "_DRACONIS DIVINUS!"_

At once, his sword began to glow with a mighty purple light. Troy charged forwards and with his Divine Slash, he cut through the Knight's sword and shield like a hot knife through butter.

"NOOOOO!" the Shadow Knight yelled as he stumbled back. "It's impossible! Your darkness is too great to bear."

"Then it's time to go into the light," Troy cried out, pointing his sword forwards. "DIVINE BEAM!"

At his command, a beam of energy shot from the sword and smashed into the figure. With a scream of pain, the Knight's body was disintegrated. Then the beam stopped, the sword faded to normal and Troy collapsed face first on the ground, his body spent!*

* * *

><p>Phew! what an intense moment! Hope the delay was worth it.

Next chapter, Spyro, Troy and Astral meet the Chronicler and the Sentinel and learn some startling truths about the dangers that await them.

See you then

Welcome to Chapter 11 and now we learn a few little surprises.

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So let's continue.

* * *

><p>Chapter 11: Tales from the Chronicler<p>

"Troy, wake up!" Astral's voice called out. "Troy, can you hear me?"

With a groan, Troy slowly opened his eyes and saw Spyro, Sparx and Astral gathered around him. Feeling stiff all over, he carefully got to his feet. "Where am I?"

"Back at the main room," Spyro replied. "We found lying next to your pool. Are you OK?"

"He will be," a familiar voice answered. "I did warn him about using the Blade of Divine Might."

Troy turned round to find a figure standing in a large doorway, his face hidden beneath the hood of his robe. Troy gasped as he recognized the figure. "The Sentinel!"

"Yes, Troy, it is I," the figure nodded. "And your friends, Spyro and Astralâ€| I'm glad I can see you in person."

"So you're the Sentinel that's been helping Troy," Astral breathed. She and Spyro bowed their heads at the figure. "But who are you really?"

"Your friend is right, Troy. The time is right for knowing who I amâ€|" The Sentinel raised his hands and pulled the hood off his head.

As the Sentinel's face was revealed, Troy gasped in astonishment. He recognized the bearded face, the well-chiseled face and the glint in those brown eyes. It was exactly the same as the largest statue in the Hall of Rider Heroes. "Youâ€| You're Trafalgar!"

"Yes, young man," the Sentinel nodded. "I am the Great Rider and your ancestor. After my death many years ago, the Chronicler came to me and gave me the honour of working alongside him. Now come, he wishes to see you." He indicated through the door.

"Er, you go first," Sparx gulped.

Troy, Spyro and Astral followed Trafalgar into a massive library. A huge hourglass sat in the center, lighting up the room. Along the length of the walls ran long bookshelves filled with thousands upon thousands of dusty books and tattered scrolls.

"Feel free to have a look around," Trafalgar stated. "The Chronicler

will be with you soon."

"Oooh, what's this?" Sparx cried out, pointing to the hourglass. "I think it's a magic wishing lamp!" He buzzed up and tapped his hand on the glass, whispering, "Hello, genie? Are you in there?"

Troy and the dragons were too preoccupied with the books on the shelves.

"This is incredible," Spyro breathed.

"The entire history of the dragon race," Astral added.

"And there's some history on the humans," Troy called out. "It looks like it's all here."

"It is... well, most of it," an elderly voice replied.

Sparx let out a gasp and boggled at the hourglass. "Did you hear that?" he whispered excitedly. "It spoke to me!"

"Sparx, get down from there," Astral called up.

She, Troy and Spyro watched as a large wizened blue dragon entered the room. He had curled, brown horns and large brown wings. A dark tattered cape was draped over his back, held on his shoulders by a small crystal pendant, and he carried a bag of scrolls from a belt on his waist. "The records in this hall date back to the beginning of time," the dragon explained, "nearly."

"The Chronicler!" Spyro and Astral cried out happily.

"Yes, young dragons, it is I," the Chronicler smiled. "And of course, a pleasure to meet you, young Troy."

"The pleasure is all mine, Chronicler," Troy replied, bowing his head. "You were the one who sent us all this way?"

"Indeed," the Chronicler replied. "And we have been waiting for youâ€|"

"Oh really," Sparx retorted. "Well, I hope we didn't keep you both waiting too long. We got a little held up back there with the erâ€| well, you knowâ€| RIDDLES OF DOOM!"

Trafalgar chuckled at this. "It was a necessary evil. We had to be sure, young ones."

The Chronicler nodded as he approached the group. "We haven't had any visitorsâ€| in our solitudeâ€| for over a thousand years."

"SHOCKER!" Sparx called out sarcastically. "Try getting rid of the psychedelic dragon outside."

"You two have been here for THAT long?" Astral asked Trafalgar and the Chronicler.

"Oh yes," the elderly dragon replied. "But we have our booksâ€|"

"And all of history," Trafalgar added. "And we watch and wait and listen for things to comeâ€| and then add them to the books of time."

"You three are also written in the books," the Chronicler said. "Though most of the pages are incomplete..."

"We are?" Spyro cried. "Can we see?"

"Of course," Trafalgar nodded. He went up to a shelf and pulled down a book with a purple cover. "This one is Spyro's. Lookâ€|"

Troy opened the book on the first page and sat down to show the younger dragons. They could see a picture of a horde of Apes charging towards the Temple led by a massive Ape with a sword in each hand.

The Chronicler nodded grimly at the picture. "You've seen this hideous creature beforeâ€|"

"Why is he in my book?" Spyro asked.

"It was Gaul who led the raid of the Temple the night of your birth when Ignitus and Astral rescued your eggâ€|." The Chronicler pointed to a picture of Ignitus flying towards the Silver River, carrying an egg in his paws while a younger Astral flew by his side.

"And when they took Cynder's," Troy added sadly.

"Yes," the Chronicler sighed as they saw a picture of Gaul cradling an egg in his claws. "That was most unfortunateâ€|." Then his face brightened as he looked at a picture of a dragonfly family with a baby dragonfly hatching from an egg. "Oh and look, here is little Sparx-"

"HEY!" Sparx flew up and covered the picture with his arms and wings. "Nobody gets to see thatâ€| ever!"

Troy chuckled then he turned to Trafalgar. "How far back does the human history go?"

"All the way to the very first meeting with the dragons," the Sentinel replied. "Would you like to see?"

Troy nodded and the older Rider went up and pulled down a book with a gold dragon on the cover. Troy opened it and saw a picture of an injured young dragon being discovered by a young man.

"So this is how it started," Troy murmured as he flipped through the pages and glanced at the pictures of the dragon exploring the village.

"That young dragon eventually returned to her home and brought the Elders and the Guardians back to the village." Trafalgar pointed to a picture of the humans meeting the dragons. "In gratitude for their kindness, they asked the humans to come back to the Dragon City and live with them."

Troy turned to a page showing the humans entering the huge walls of

the Dragon City. "Whoaâ€œ! "_
>

"Wait," Spyro then said. "Can these books tell the future?"

"In parts," the Chronicler replied hesitantly, "though just glimpses of the future, reallyâ€œ!"

"Then I want to know what will happen to Cynder."

The Chronicler looked nervous. "Spyro, you don't under-"

"Please," Spyro interrupted. "I must know."

The older dragon sighed. "Very well, but hers is a darker tale."

With a wave of his paw, he sent Spyro's book back into the shelves and then a book with a black cover flew off the highest shelf and floated down to the group. Trafalgar opened the book onto a series of pictures showing Cynder being tortured and becoming the monstrous form that made Troy shudder.

"Spyro, Astral, Troy, you must understand," the Chronicler continued, "when she was taken by Gaul, she was poisoned and corrupted, made to do the Dark Master's bidding. Her entire life has been spent in shadow. She knows no other way."

Trafalgar then turned to a picture of the corrupted Cynder bowing down to a monstrous dragon and another figure holding a long staff. "And when the Dark Master and the Dark Lord returnâ€œ! she will concede. No-one can resist the temptation, not even the strongest among us."

"I don't believe that," Spyro cried out angrily.

The Chronicler shook his head. "Spyro, let me tell you and your friends another story."

"Oh, oh, oh," Sparx called out, waving his hand up. "Can I pick the story this time?"

Trafalgar pulled out an old tatty book from the shelves and brought it to the group. Troy opened it up on a picture of a small three-horned dragon surrounded by older dragons and humans. As they looked at other pictures of the dragon using different elements, the Chronicler told the story, "There was once a dragon long ago whose raw power was far greater than any dragon or human had ever seen orâ€œ! could imagine. At first, he mastered Fireâ€œ! which was odd because he was not a Fire dragon. Then came Ice and Wind and other abilities none thought possible. Is this story sounding familiar?"

"It was a Purple Dragon," Troy realized. "Like Spyro."

"The first Purple Dragon," Trafalgar confirmed, turning to a page showing the dragon being taught by the Elders. "In the beginning, he was encouraged and secrets of elemental mastery were passed onto him willingly by the Elders. But his power was limitless; it knew no boundary. He consumedâ€œ! everything." He pointed to a picture of the

dragon swooping over a human village and destroying it with fire. Troy shivered as he saw the picture, suddenly reminded of when a corrupted Cynder had destroyed his home. "He was so corrupted by power that he didn't care who got hurt."

The Chronicler then took up the story as the group looked at a picture of the dragon leaving the city and flying into the mountains. "When he would not stop, he was cast into exile. And from his new fortress high in the mountains, he built an army not of dragons, but of Apes and taught them to artificially harness the power of the Gems our life force."

"You're talking about the Dark Master," Astral breathed sadly.

"Yes," the Chronicler nodded as they turned to a picture of the Dark Master watching his mountain changing into a very familiar shape. "And in his dark seclusion, the sheer weight of his malice cracked the very foundations of the mountain, splitting the earth and creating a pit of despair where the lost souls of this world could reside."

"The Well of Souls!" Spyro and Astral gasped.

The Chronicler nodded. "Created by the very beast who now seeks to escape it."

"I believe you've already seen the Dark Master, young Rider," Trafalgar said to Troy.

"What?" Astral gasped. "When?"

Troy sighed and turned his head. "When I was sucked into the portal at Convexity."

"And you didn't tell us?" Spyro cried.

"Well, at the time, he was covered in chains and hidden in shadows. I didn't know he was a Purple Dragon," Troy argued. "Anyway, when I tried to get close to him, some shadow pushed me back and warned me that 'the time was not right'. I didn't understand at first, but now I realize that he was talking about the Night of Eternal Darkness."

"So you've met the Dark Lord as well," Trafalgar breathed.

"Who is he, anyway?" Astral asked.

"I'll show you." Trafalgar turned the page in the book. "That's him there."

Troy found himself looking at the picture of a stern-looking man with a black beard, dressed in long flowing robes and wielding a long wooden staff with a crystal on the end. "What?" he gasped. "The Dark Lord was a human?!"

"His name is Dorado," Trafalgar replied. "He was among the humans of the village that Malefor destroyed. He was furious at the callousness of the dragon's action and vowed to get even with him. He secluded himself in a secret lair where he taught himself the forbidden arts

of Dark Magic to gain power. When the Riders discovered his plans, they threw him out and destroyed his lair, but by then, Dorado had gained the power he needed."

"What kind of power was it?" Spyro asked.

"The destructive power of the Dark Gems," the older Rider said grimly. "With this power, he was able to face Malefor in combat, but the Dark Master was more powerful than that. However, rather than kill him, Malefor made Dorado his second-in-command. Presumably, he saw his potential as a fighter and his incredible power. Using the Dark Gems, Dorado eventually became the Dark Lord. At the time, the Apes were losing to the power of the Riders but Dorado came up with a plan to defeat them!"

"The Dreadwings," Astral finished for him.

"Yes," Trafalgar confirmed. "He found the Skavengers and made a deal with their captain. They provided the Dark Lord with the Dreadwings and Dorado made sure they got paid handsomely. Using these new steeds, the Apes were able to take the humans by surprise and destroy the Riders. You see, Malefor was displeased by the human and dragon alliance, fearing the humans were using the dragons for their own purposes."

"But they weren't," Troy argued. "They were working together willingly."

"Malefor didn't know that, and Dorado used it to his advantage." Trafalgar let out a heavy sigh. "Dorado was upset that the Riders didn't do anything to stop the Dark Master from destroying his home, so now they became the target of his vengeance!" and he would have succeeded if I hadn't managed to stop him!" and the Dark Master."

"But now, Malefor and Dorado are free from Convexity," the Chronicler finished grimly, "and when the Night of Eternal Darkness falls, they will return to our world and continue what they started."

Spyro was confused by this statement. "B-But you said the eclipse would only allow the spirits to escape for a short while!"

"Yes," the Chronicler confirmed, "but if ever there was a spirit powerful enough!"

"Then how do we stop it?" Astral asked.

"There is no stopping it," Trafalgar replied gravely. "It has already been written."

"Then why have you called us here?" Troy cried. "I don't understand."

The Chronicler turned to the group, his eyes burning fiercely. "To ride out this storm, where you'll be safe!" and live to fight another day!"

"Well, that sounds pretty good," Sparx said eagerly.

But Troy wouldn't allow it. "What about the others? The Guardians,

the Riders, my family? What about their safety?"

"I fear the worst for the others," the Chronicler replied grimly.

"And Cynder?" Spyro then asked angrily. "Are we supposed to sit here and do nothing while she joins THEM?"

"Um, let me field this one," Sparx replied, pretending to think.
"YES!"

"No!" Spyro yelled back then he rounded on Trafalgar and the Chronicler. "You keep talking about choosing a path. Our paths had already been chosen for us, but what about Cynder? She was never given a choice. I have to try." He turned towards the doorway. "I'm going and you can't stop me!"

"Then I won't," the Chronicler said simply and he turned away.

"Well, I'm coming too," Troy called out. "I forgave Cynder for everything she ever didâ€¦ If she joins the other side, our fight to save her will all be for nothing! I have to help her again."

"Then I'm with you," Astral added.

As they prepared to leave, Trafalgar waved his hand, forcing the door shut and making them turn. "Young ones, the Chronicler and I have waited far too long to watch you leave here stricken with grief and doubt. You'll need clear minds and pure hearts if you are to withstand the evil that consumes that place."

Troy stepped forward and looked into the older Rider's eyes. "I know this is not the path you would choose for us, but we have to walk our own pathsâ€¦ and do what we know is right."

Trafalgar stared back at him for a moment then broke away with a sigh. "So be it, Troy. We will show you the wayâ€¦ but you must hurry. The dark hour of the eclipse is near and haste will be your only ally."

"Alright, thenâ€¦ well uh, just so I know why we died," Sparx spoke up, "the plan is to wander into the land of darkness to face an army of evil creatures that will want to kill us, so that we can try to rescue another evil creature that has already tried to KILL US?" He turned round and flexed his tiny muscles. "I'm pumped! L-Let's do this."

With that, Trafalgar and the Chronicler stepped up to the hourglass and spoke some mystic words. When they finished, the hourglass shuddered then lifted into the air, revealing an underground passage.

"This tunnel leads straight to the base of the Well of Souls," the Chronicler explained. "You'll have to fight your way through the fortress to reach the peak."

"Remember," Trafalgar added. "The Celestial Moons are nearing its eclipse and when the dark powers enter the mountain's jaws, Malefor and Dorado will be free! You must return before that

moment!"

"Right," Troy confirmed, climbing onto Astral's back. "Let's fly!"

The young dragons leapt into the hole and flew down the caverns towards the mountains. As he watched them go, Trafalgar gave a silent prayer. "May the Ancestors look after you. May they look after us allâ€|"

* * *

><p>And there I'll stop. Hope that chapter answers a few questions you may have been wondering.

Next chapter, Troy, Astral and Spyro reach the Well of Souls and face many great battles.

See you then

13. The Caverns of Carnage

So here we are again, joining Spyro, Troy and Astral on their next mission.

Disclaimer: This story has nothing to do with **_**Eragon, How To Train Your Dragon, Dragon Booster**_** or any other stories involving humans riding dragons. Also, I only own my OC's and nothing else.**

With that, let's go on.

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><p>Chapter 12: The Caverns of Carnage<p>

After several hours, the group exited the caves and landed on a snowy cliff overlooking the fortress and the Well of Souls. Troy had only seen it once in his dreams and the sight of the mountain up close sent shivers down his spine.

"Somewhere in there, Cynder needs our help," Astral recalled.

Troy nodded grimly as he looked up at the Celestial Moons. The smaller moon was nearly halfway across the face of its larger counterpart. He remembered Trafalgar's words: _"When the dark powers enter the mountain's jaws, Malefor and Dorado will returnâ€|"_

Spyro turned to his dragonfly brother and sighed. "Sparx, you don't have to come with us. We won't think less of you if you stay behind."

"No way," Sparx cried out. "And miss out on the opportunity to face my worst nightmares?"

With that, Troy and the dragons flew towards the fortress gates, Sparx following at a distance muttering, "Yeah boy, what am I saying?"

They landed outside the fortress where Troy pushed the doors open and they entered a massive courtyard. Almost immediately they were attacked by Apes and they had to fight them off through a combination of Channeling, elemental attacks and simple strikes with claw, horn, wing and sword. Some of the Apes were taken out, but a few managed to escape then the huge doors swung open.

"I have a horrible suspicion that we're walking right into a trap," Astral murmured.

"I know how you feel," Troy agreed, sheathing his sword. "Let's keep going."

After the remaining Apes retreated, they entered a passageway where a large statue was firing a laser beam on the ground. Troy protected the group by holding his shield into the laser's path and they were able to reach the next room unharmed.

Inside the room, they saw a huge statue of a dragon looking down at them. Astral stared at it for a moment. "You know, I think I've seen that statue before."

"Let's not worry about it now," Spyro said. "Cynder needs us."

They then passed through a series of rooms into a clearing where Apes of all sizes were waiting. This time however, the fights were more difficult than before because the larger Apes had a special teleporting skill that whisked them away before they were seriously hurt. Fortunately Spyro and Astral were able to counter that ability with Dragon Time.

Soon, they had crossed through several more rooms before they entered a series of caves that overlooked a great green waterfall.

"Let's rest here for a moment," Astral announced.

Spyro nodded and stretched out his wings.

Troy again looked up to the Celestial Moons. "They're much closer than they were earlier."

"I'm not sure we're going to reach the Well of Souls in time," Astral sighed.

"We have to," Spyro replied grimly. "Malefor and Dorado cannot be allowed to return to his worldâ€¦ and Cynder can't rejoin their side again. It's what I was destined to do."

"This is insane," Sparx whimpered. "All this talk about destiny and stopping evil monstersâ€¦ I'm starting to wish I had stayed back at the creepy moon temple!"

Just then, a loud screeching yell rang out overhead. The group looked round in time to see a troop of Apes jumping down a cliff towards them. The dragons immediately went on the offensive, Spyro with Electric and Earth attacks and Astral with Plant and Psychic. Troy charged forward and took down three Ape Leaders.

"Alright," Astral cried as they defeated the last Small Ape. "Let's get going."

"Wait a minute," Troy cut in. "There were four big Apes. Where's the fourth one?"

"Right here," a sinister voice growled behind him. Troy turned to see the last Ape Leader pulling out a lit stick of dynamite.

Quickly Astral grabbed the Ape with Psychic Beam and flung him over the cliff, but as he fell, the Ape threw the dynamite up to the cave ceiling.

"TAKE COVER!" Troy yelled as he and Sparx dived into a nearby cavern. Astral and Spyro dashed down another cave as the fuse burned out and "KABOOOOOOOOOOOMMM! The explosion rocked the cave and seconds later, the ceiling collapsed! A large torrent of rocks crashed down on the spot where the group was standing just minutes before.

As the dust settled, the dragons emerged from their hiding place and stared at the filled-in cave. "Troy," Astral called out. "Troy, can you hear me?"

"Astral, Spyro, are you alright?" Troy's voice called out from behind the rocks.

"We're fine," Astral replied. "But I don't think we can move these rocks."

"Don't worry about us," Troy shouted back. "There's a tunnel in our cave; it might lead us to the Well. You and Spyro must keep going by the main route if we're to meet up again."

"Okay," Spyro replied. "Be careful, guys."

"You too," Troy yelled.

Astral turned towards the tunnel behind them. "Come on, let's get going." And the two dragons set off down the caves.

* * *

><p>On the other side of the cave-in, Troy turned to look down the cavern. It was very dark inside, but Sparx's glowing body gave him some light to see by. "Come along, Sparx. We need to keep moving."</p>

"Oh, why can't we just stay in this safe dark room?" Sparx groaned.

"You know we can't," Troy argued. "Every second we waste standing around means the Night of Eternal Darkness is drawing ever closer. We have to stop Gaul."

The dragonfly let out a sigh. "Fine, we'll stop the big, scary monkey guy, but I won't like it at all."

So they set off down the tunnel, fighting off any Apes and Zombie Soldiers that attacked them and passing through a second laser trap.

Eventually they found a cave that led onto a cliff. Troy looked up

towards the top of the mountain. "That's a long way up. I hope the others come soon."

Suddenly, a loud screech rang out behind them. Troy spun round just as a Dreadwing came swooping down towards them, carrying a familiar armoured figure on its back. "The Assassin!"

The figure let out a muffled, mocking laugh. "Mwahahahaha! Time to feel some pain!"

"AAAUUUGH," Sparx screamed. "He wants to steal my brain!"

"Actually, he says it's time for pain," Troy translated.

"Really?" Sparx sighed and patted his head. "Phew, for a second there, I thought I lost you, buddy."

Troy drew out his sword and yelled out, "Bring it on, tin-head!"

With a screech of anger, the Dreadwing fired a wave of energy at them. Troy quickly raised his shield and blocked the attack. Then the Assassin leapt off the beast's back, landing next to Troy and pulled out his own sword. Turning quickly, Troy charged forward and swung Draconis at the Assassin. The armoured Ape blocked the attack with his own sword and then punched the Rider with his free hand. Troy staggered back from the blow as the Assassin ran forward, sword raised. But recovering quickly, Troy raised his shield and smacked the Assassin right in the face.

"Hey, watch out!" Sparx yelled out.

Troy spun round, just as the Dreadwing pounced forward and sank its teeth into Troy's leg. With a scream of pain, he dropped his sword just as the bat-monster pulled its head back, dragging him to the ground. Sensing victory, the Assassin raised his sword up, intending to skewer the Rider where he stoodâ€¦

But suddenly, Astral came charging through in a Tidal Charge and knocked the Assassin's sword away. Seconds later, Spyro swooped in and launched an Earth Flail into the Dreadwing, making it loose its grip on Troy's leg.

As the Assassin turned to his assailants, Troy grabbed his sword and plunged it into the Dreadwing's chest, killing it instantly. Then he stood up, raised his shield and slammed into the Assassin's side, dazing him. Then Astral and Spyro came charging with a Comet Dash and slammed into him, knocking the Assassin into his dead pet and sending them both over the cliff.

"Hey Sparx, you can come out now," Spyro called.

Astral ran over to her Rider's side. "Are you okay, Troy?"

"Nothing a quick Curing can't fix," Troy replied. "What kept you guys?"

"A bunch of Zombies attacked us back there," Astral explained. "Then we came out onto a cliff edge and saw you battling the Assassin. When

his pet attacked you, we decided to help out."

Troy smiled at his friends before Curing his injured leg. Once the bleeding stopped, he stood up, sheathed his sword and turned towards the mountain. "We must be getting close to the top," he murmured. "We'd better get going."

The group set off up a hidden path and soon they entered into a wide cavern. Inside, they saw two massive statues lit by a series of candles. One statue was of a huge dragon with three horns on its head and its wings spread out menacingly. The other was of a human with a long flowing cape, a long staff with a crystal on the end and a superior grin on his face.

Astral shuddered at the sight. "Now I remember where I saw that dragon statue. It looks just like the one in the Temple Dojo."

"That was Malefor?" Sparx gasped. "No wonder it always gave us the heebie-jeebies."

Spyro looked at the statue sadly. "The Elders must have had great hopes for him to have a statue made for him."

"The human next to him must be Dorado," Astral said.

Troy nodded grimly. "And if we don't hurry, we'll be meeting both of them in the flesh."

They found a cave that led to the eye of the mountain's head. Troy climbed onto Astral's back and she and Spyro flew up the face into the jaws and landed next to where a beam of purple energy shot into a deep hole.

Spyro stepped to the edge of the hole and peered down. "What is this place?"

"It looks like the entrance to a horrible pit of despair from which we might never escape," Sparx replied. "But we'd better go down there just to be sure." And with that, he zipped down into the well with a loud "WHOOOOOO!"

Astral rolled her eyes slightly. "He's so weird sometimes!"

"You think he's weird?" Spyro asked confused. "I had to grow up with that guy."

"No time to argue," Troy interrupted. "Cynder's still down there." He looked up at the Moons again. "The eclipse is almost here; we have to get her out before then."

With a nod of agreement, the dragons swooped down into the darkness, ready to face whatever was down there!

* * *

><p>Ohhhh, good place to stop and build up the tension.

Next chapter, Spyro, Troy and Astral face the Ape King with some deadly and unexpected outcomes.

See you then

14. The Darkness Within

So now this is it; the final battle of this story.

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With thatâ€| here we go.

* * *

><p>Chapter 13: The Darkness Within<p>

Carefully, the group glided down the shaft into a darkened cave and landed in a massive chamber. As Troy climbed off Astral's back, Spyro took a nervous look around. "Where are we?"

"The better question would be, what's that smell?" Sparx gagged, holding his nose.

Troy cast a glance at the purple beam of energy shooting into the ground nearby, but as he stepped forward to look, a sudden deep laughter rang out around them and green flames shot up from some nearby braziers, lighting up the cavern. Troy and the dragons gasped as they discovered they were surrounded by Apes standing on a small cliff and one massive Ape wearing a horned helmet, his green eye narrowed as he sat on a throne.

"Hahahahahaaa!" the Ape King laughed again as he glared at the group. "The purple whelping and his foolish Rider friendsâ€| It's fitting that you should be here tonight, as we bear witness to the dawn of a new age and the failure of your pathetic races of humans and dragons."

"We wouldn't have missed it for the world, Gaul," Troy growled.

"Then pleaseâ€| have a seat!" In one movement, Gaul whipped out his crystal staff and fired two energy beams at Spyro and Astral, causing them to cry out and collapse to the floor.

"Guys!" Troy gasped, running to his friend's sides. "Are you alright?"

"We're OK," Spyro murmured. "But I can't feel any of my elements."

"Me neither." Astral opened her mouth and tried to shoot an elemental attack to no avail. "That monster has locked our abilities!"

Troy quickly drew out his sword and focused his power. "Conveias Infernus_!" But his sword didn't change at all. "My Channeling skills are disabled too!"

"Hahahahahaaaa!" Gaul laughed in contempt. "Foolish weaklings, you are no match!"

"We've made it this far, haven't we?" Troy glowered, sheathing his sword as the dragons staggered to their feet.

"Yes, you three have been quite elusive," Gaul admitted. "Had I but known that all it would take would be your miserable amity for Cynder!"

"Pssst, what's amity?" Sparx asked one of the Ape Commanders.

"Sparx, get away from that guy," Astral cautioned the dragonfly.

Gaul continued as if he hadn't heard the interruptions. "How tragic really! that SHE should be the one to destroy you!"

As he spoke, a black form suddenly darted out the shadows and knocked Troy off his feet, before landing on its own feet and facing the group. Spyro and Astral gasped as they recognized the figure.
"CYNDER!"

"Aaaagh," Sparx cried out, covering his eyes. "The nightmare never ends!"

"You don't need to do this, Cynder," Astral called out as Troy got to his feet, somewhat unharmed.

But Cynder glowered at the group and stalked slowly forward. "Just like old times, huh guys?" Then she quickly glanced over her shoulder and whispered to Troy and his friends, "Same as last time! Line me up with his staff."

Troy nodded and raised his shield, while Spyro and Astral went into battle stances. They and Cynder circled each other until Troy could see Gaul standing right behind him. At once, Cynder charged forward, Astral and Spyro jumped to the sides and Troy leaned backwards and held his shield up, allowing the smaller dragoness to run over it and pounce on Gaul.

But the Ape King swung his arm out and grabbed her before she could reach the staff. "This isn't over, traitor," he snarled, before flinging Cynder towards the furthest wall.

Spyro and Astral gasped in horror as Cynder slammed into the wall and slumped to the ground, unconscious. Troy turned and glared at the Ape King. "You heartless beast!"

The Large Apes stepped towards the group ready to attack, but Gaul raised a hand to stop them. "Don't touch them! the foolish trio is mine!"

With that, he put his staff behind his back, got to his feet and leapt into the arena with a roar. Troy, Spyro and Astral cast nervous glances at each other as the Ape King pulled out two swords and swung them around.

Troy pulled out his own blade and turned to the dragons. "Come on guys! let's teach this flea-bitten monster a lesson he won't soon forget!"

With a nasty chuckle, Gaul charged forward and swung his swords at them. Spyro and Astral jumped aside and Troy blocked the attack with his shield. Then Gaul kicked out, knocking Troy backwards and Astral charged into the monstrous Ape's back. Spyro then leapt onto Gaul's head and slashed his face with his claws, before the Ape shook him off. The distraction was enough for Troy to slam into Gaul in a powerful shield-charge.

But Gaul just shook off the attacks and jumped into the air before slamming his swords into the ground, sending a shockwave that knocked Troy and the dragons down.

"This isn't good," Troy groaned. "We can't do any damage to him."

Astral looked the Ape King over as he tried to pull his swords out. "There must be some sort of shield protecting him."

Spyro glanced around the arena then he spotted the braziers nearby. "I wonder! Astral, what about those fires over there?"

Astral turned to look. "Yes! I can feel some dark energy coming from the braziers. It's exactly the same as the shield!"

"Alright," Troy decided. "You and Spyro go and destroy those braziers! I'll keep Gaul distracted."

As the dragons ran off to attack the pots, Troy turned to face Gaul as he managed to pull out his swords. With a roar, the Ape King charged forward, raising his swords. In one quick movement, Troy raised both his arms, blocking the attack with his sword and his shield. For a few tense moments, the struggle went on, Gaul pushing down with his swords, Troy holding the attack back.

Then suddenly, Troy heard a strange sparkling noise and looked up just in time to see a green wall of energy fading off of Gaul. "Got ya!" He then raised his foot and kicked Gaul in the chest, sending the Ape King stumbling back.

Astral then charged in from behind, ramming into Gaul's back. Then Spyro flew in and slapped him in the face with his tail. Troy then raised his sword and swung it round, knocking off Gaul's helmet then he smashed his shield into his chest, sending the Ape King sprawling to the floor.

With a growl, Gaul jumped to his feet and pointed at the group with his swords. "Your time is over, weaklings!"

Troy, Spyro and Astral braced themselves as the Ape King raised his swords and leapt at them. Quickly, Troy and the dragons jumped out of the way, just before Gaul slammed his swords into the ground. Suddenly, the ground beneath their feet began to crack and shake, before it collapsed! Astral managed to jump to safety, but Troy and Spyro were caught in the collapse and fell with Gaul into the floor, down to the depths of the Well.

As Troy fell, he spotted Gaul's staff flying overhead. Thinking quickly, he grabbed his sword and swung it up, smashing the crystal. Seconds later, Gaul and Spyro crashed to the ground and Troy bounced off the Ape's back, the broken staff clattering nearby.

"Spyro, I did it! I destroyed his staff!" the young Rider cheered. "Gaul can't summon Malefor and Dorado back to our world. Now let's get back to- Spyro?" He turned to see Spyro lying still under the energy beam and ran up to his side. "Hold on, buddy. I'll get you out of there."

But as he started to drag Spyro from the beam, the world around him suddenly grew darker and a flash in the sky made him look up. To his horror, he saw that the Celestial Moons had completely eclipsed and was sending a powerful blast of energy down the beam towards them. "Oh no, the Night of Eternal Darkness has begun! We have to get-"

But it was too late. The strengthened energy beam reached the bottom and Troy screamed in pain as he felt a strange power overwhelm his senses. Next to him, he could hear Spyro cry out too, but then he heard a sinister and strangely familiar voice call to him in his head, "At long last! The moment of our freedom has finally come! Gaul has served his purpose well, but his means are selfish! For that, he must be destroyed!"

Troy and Spyro got to their feet, turned to the Ape King and leapt out of the energy beam. Gaul stared at the figures standing before him. Troy's armour and sword had become as black as ebony and his face showed pure malevolence. Spyro's purple and gold scales had faded to black and orange and his eyes glowed eerie white.

With a roar, Gaul charged forward, claws lifted to slice them in half. Troy slammed his shield into the Ape's face and Spyro launched a Convexity Beam at him, knocking him back.

Angrily, the Ape King launched a laser beam from his green eye. His opponents jumped aside and dodged the attack. Troy then ran forward and plunged his sword into Gaul's leg before Spyro shot forward and battered him down with a volley of melee attacks.

Panting heavily, Gaul stood up and turned to look at Troy and Spyro. "What are you waiting for, weaklings? Finish me!"

The human and the dragon simply glowered at the Ape.

However, Troy wasn't listening to the Ape King's taunts. He was struggling with the strange entity inside him. "Who are you? Why am I doing this?"

"You already know who I am," came the sinister response. "Surely you remember when I stopped you from reaching Malefor."

"D-Dorado?"

"That's it! Now do as I command and destroy Gaul!"

"No! I'm not going to kill him in cold blood!"

"_Do not try to resist, young Rider,_" Dorado's voice retorted. "_My powers are far too great for you or the purple dragon to withstand. Just look at Gaul. He tried to hurt your friends, he wanted to destroy Spyro's egg, he took Cynder to be our servant. Do you not think those are good reasons to kill him?_"
>

Troy hesitated for a moment, but Gaul misinterpreted it as a moment of weakness. "Hahahahaaa! Cowards! Hahahahahahaaaaaa!"

"_Did you hear that, Troy?_" the voice goaded. "_He just called you and Spyro a coward. You're not going to let him get away with that, are you?_"

Now Troy's senses were blocked. His anger had risen to a point that Dorado could take control of him. Troy's eyes narrowed as the Ape King got to his feet. "_No!_"

"_Then do what he demandedâ€| Finish him off!_"

As Gaul limped forward and a flash of light shone from above, Troy held up his sword, focused his power and cried out in a dark contorted voice, "_DRACONIS DEMENTUS!_"

At once, the sword began to glow with a sinister purple power. Gaul raised his claws again, but Spyro attacked first, shooting a beam of Convexity at him and sending him backwards. As the dragon launched a second beam at him, the Ape King felt his body slowly turning into stone. Then Troy pointed his sword out and cried out, "CONVEXITY BLAST!"

Instantly, a dark beam of power shot out of the sword, at the same time as Spyro blasted his Convexity Fury. Both the attacks were enough to completely petrify Gaul and blast him into dust.

As Draconis faded back to normal, Troy panted slowly, feeling his energy drain from his body, but Dorado's voice spoke again, "_Well done, young Riderâ€| Now return us to this world!_"

Spyro jumped forward, grabbed Troy's shoulders and lifted him up into the energy beamâ€|

* * *

><p>Up in the throne room, Astral had watched her friends fall through the ground with Gaul. She had only heard small bits of Troy's shouts before seeing the eclipse and the blast of energy enter the caves below.<p>

Around her, the Ape Commanders were cheering with joy and Cynder stirred next to her. "What's going on? Where's Spyro and Troy?"

"They're still battling Gaul down there," the older dragoness explained. "And the Night of Eternal Darkness has just occurred."

Just then, the Ape Commanders turned and spotted the dragonesses standing nearby. With a cry of rage, they leapt into the arena and stomped forward.

"Uh-oh," Sparx gulped. "I think we're about to be sacrificed to the big evil darkness."

"Not on my watch," Astral decided. "We're all in this together, guys, and I refuse to give up hope!"

As she spoke, Astral's scales began to glow brighter than ever, causing Sparx and Cynder to cover their eyes but the Apes still advanced. Then Astral opened her mouth and shot out a beam of light brighter than the sun which instantly vapourized the nearest Apes. Then she focused her power and unleashed a powerful Fury attack that lit up the entire cave and when the light faded, only Astral, Sparx and Cynder were left.

"Whoa," Cynder breathed as she opened her eyes.

"That was the Solaris Fury," Sparx recalled.

Astral nodded to her friends as her scales faded to normal shade. "By staying positive, I was able to unlock that element."

Just then, a flash of dark power shone out from the hole and Sparx and the dragonesses ran up to the edge and peered down. "What's happening down there?" Cynder asked in confusion.

"It's too dark to see anything," Astral murmured.

"Spyro, Troy?" Sparx called down. "You guys okay?"

Suddenly, two dark shadows shot out through the energy beam, causing Sparx to scream in fear. Cynder and Astral backed away in fear as they recognized the figures hovering in the beam. "That's Spyro and Troy," Astral cried out. "But what's happened to them?"

"Oh noâ€|" Cynder whispered in fear. "They've been corrupted by Malefor and Dorado's influence." She stepped forward and called out, "Spyro, Troy, stop!"

The two corrupted warriors turned and faced the group before them. Sparx shrank back at the two pairs of glowing eyes. "Whoa. Hold on, guys, it's me!"

At once, Troy and Spyro cringed and struggled in the energy beam. Troy let out a groan of pain as he heard Dorado's voice again. "Destroy the golden dragon! She mustn't be allowed to live!"

"Noâ€|" Troy gasped. "Don't make us do thisâ€|"

"Come on, guys," Astral called out. "You have to fight it!"

"Ughâ€|" I-I can'tâ€|" Spyro gasped out.

Taking action, Cynder leapt forward and knocked Troy and Spyro out of the beam. As they crashed to the ground, their bodies faded back to their normal colours. "Next time, Rider," Dorado's voice hissed in Troy's mind as it faded away.

Sparx and Astral ran up to their friends' side. "Are you alright?"

Astral whispered.

As Cynder glided back down, Troy and Spyro sat up and looked around. Spyro then turned away, tears in his eyes. "What have we done?"

"You're okay, guys," Cynder beamed. "You're with friends."

But Troy still looked crestfallen. "I'm sorryâ€| I heard that voice from the portal in me, and Iâ€| we couldn't stopâ€|"

But then, a large boulder broke out of the ceiling and fell down over the entrance of the cave they had come out from.

"Uh-oh," Sparx cried out, pointing to the partly blocked cave. "That's our only way out!"

Quickly, Astral knelt down to allow Troy to clamber onto her back and then stood up. "Come on, now's our chance!"

But Spyro was still lying on the ground. "Just go..."

"Get up, Spyro," Cynder screamed at him. "We're not leaving without you!"

"Usually, I would just say ignore her," Sparx agreed, "but she's making sense this time!"

Reluctantly, Spyro slowly got to his feet, but it was too late. The ceiling caved in and a whole torrent of rocks crashed down over the hole, completely blocking the way out. "Oh no, we're trapped!"

With their hopes of escape dashed, the group turned to look at each other sadly and prepared to accept their fate. But then, Spyro and Astral remembered the Chronicler's words. "Ride out this stormâ€| and live to fight another dayâ€|"

At once, the dragon siblings realized the significance of that sentence and Spyro turned to the others. "Get close to us NOW!"

Sparx flew over and placed his hands on Astral's shoulders while Cynder wrapped her wing over Spyro's body. Then Astral wrapped her front legs over the smaller dragons as she and Spyro focused their power and felt their bodies glowing. The time energy flowed around their bodies, but it looked weaker than before. "It's not working," Astral grunted.

At that moment, Troy heard Trafalgar calling out to him. "Troy, I've given you a special Channeling power for your swordâ€| The words to use it_ _are _Conveias Temporus_. You must use it now!"

With the last of his strength, Troy sat up in Astral's saddle, raised his sword above his head with both hands and focused his power. "CONVEIAS TEMPORUS!"

At his command, Draconis began to glow with the same power as Spyro and Astral were focusing. Closing his eyes, Troy forced the power out from the sword. As he did, the whole group floated up and the energy around them flashed out and trapped them in crystalâ€| seconds before

the whole mountain collapsed around them!

* * *

><p>Phew, that was intense!

I'll wrap things up in the final chapter

See you then

15. The Shadow Descends

There isn't much to say here that you already know.

Disclaimer: This story has nothing to do with **_**Eragon, How To Train Your Dragon, Dragon Booster**_** or any other stories involving humans riding dragons. Also, I only own my OC's and nothing else.**

So without further adoâ€|

* * *

><p>Chapter 14: The Shadow Descends<p>

High over the mountains, Hurricos and his Rider, Argos were scouting the area, keeping a look out for trouble. Having completed their mission in the Shattered Vale, Terrador had sent them here to see what the Apes were planning. They arrived just as the Celestial Moons reached their eclipse and were now approaching the Well of Souls.

"Can you see anything, Argos?" Hurricos called up.

"No, nothing that looks suspicious," the Rider replied. Then he looked up and with a gasp, he pointed forward. "By the Ancestors, look at the Mountain of Malefor!"

Hurricos turned and stared in horror. The beam of energy shooting into the carved jaws was glowing brighter than earlier before. Suddenly a cloud of dust shot out from the face of the mountain and a loud rumbling noise broke the silence. When the dust settled, the mountain had gone, replaced by a massive pile of rubble.

"What just happened?" Argos breathed.

"Big trouble," Hurricos declared. "We must return to the Temple immediately!"

As they turned and flew back over the mountains, neither of them noticed the two shadowy figures emerging from the dustâ€|

* * *

><p>Sometime later, the Guardians and the Riders were informed of the news of the Well of Souls' fall.<p>

Ignitus shook his head sadly. "It has begunâ€|" he murmured. Then he

turned to the crowd. "Listen to me! We must leave this place at once and head for the Dragon City of Warfang! The Dark Master and the Dark Lord will surely make for this place. We're no longer safe here."

Terrador took charge at once. "You heard him; let's move out NOW!"

Volteer and Cyril led the younger dragons and the humans out of the Temple, but Orion and Cosmo stayed behind with the Fire Guardian.

"What about my brother?" Orion asked.

"And Spyro, Cynder and Astral?" Cosmo added. "They're still out there. We need to go find them."

"No," Ignitus cried out. "We need to think about the others' safety first." As he led them out after the crowd, he bowed his head and sighed. "Let's just hope they managed to get somewhere safe!"

* * *

><p>Far away, on the White Isle, Trafalgar and the Chronicler watched as a blank page in one of the books became filled with the image of the Guardians leading the humans and dragons out of the Temple.</p>

"At least they'll be safe for now," Trafalgar smiled grimly. He then saw the second page filled with the picture of two sinister figures emerging from the remains of the Well of Souls. "For the Dark Master and the Dark Lord have returned to our world!"

"But there is still hope," the Chronicler reminded the old Rider, turning the page. "Spyro and his friends have escaped the worst of the disaster!"

Trafalgar took a look and watched as a new picture slowly appeared in the next page. This one showed Spyro, Cynder, Sparx, Troy and Astral trapped in a crystal embedded in the rocks of the cave-in.

The Sentinel nodded grimly and gave a solemn promise. "Young warriors, all our hope now lies with you. When you wake up, it will be a different world!"

The Chronicler smiled. "But know this: you are not alone: you have allies."

And as he closed the book, the picture finished its self-painting with the image of a cheetah watching the crystal from a distance!

* * *

><p>And I am finished! So the stage is set for the final story.

Before I go, I wish to thank all the readers who reviewed my story, especially to D.J. Scales for all the support and to Casaric for providing the ideas for Troy's abilities.

So the story concludes with **_Legend of Spyro and the Riders:
Dawn of the Dagon**_

End
file.